Thomas Ouerburie

HIS

VVIFE.

With

NEW ELEGIES

vpon his (now knowne)

vntimely death.

Whereunto are annexed,

New Newes and Characters, written by himselfe and other Learned GENTLEMEN.

The Eight Impression.

LONDON,

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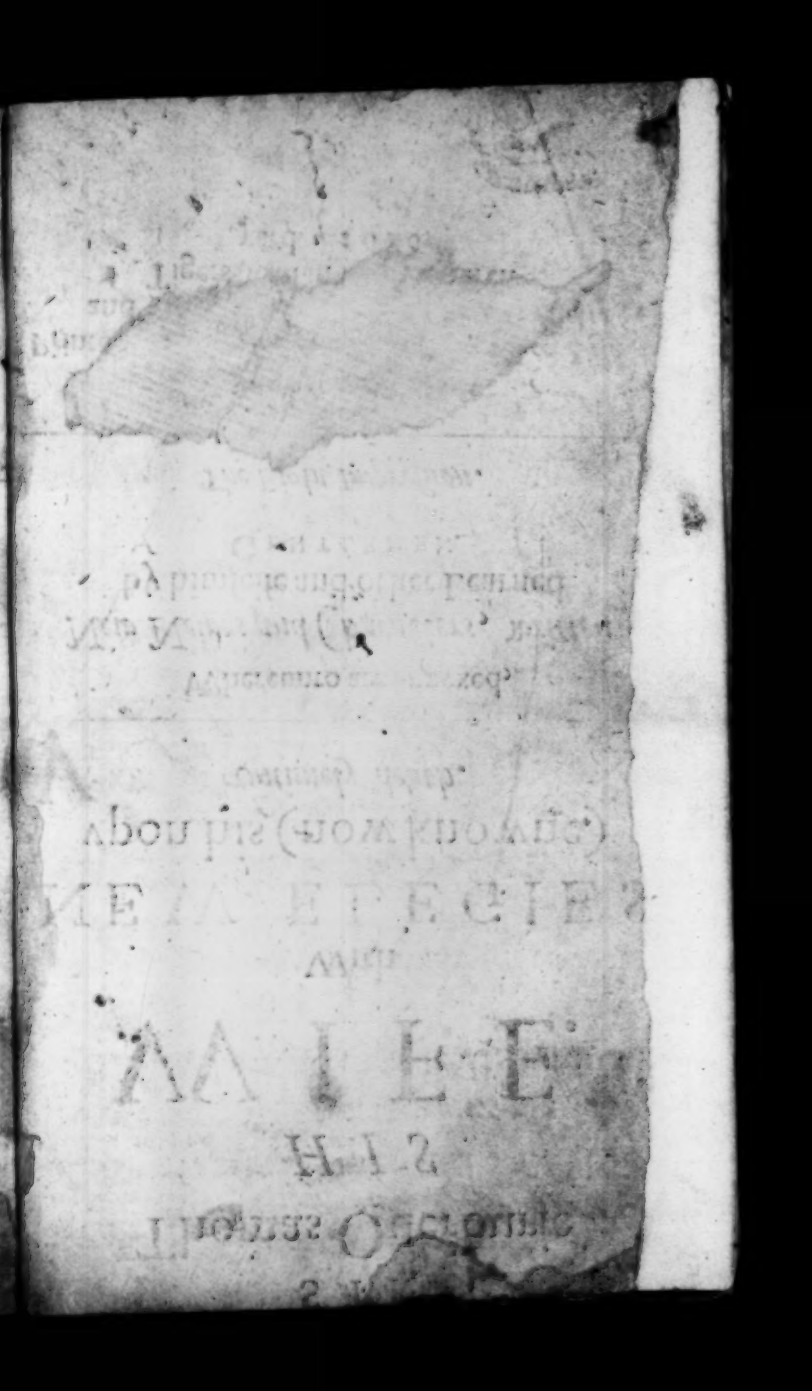

To the Reader.

THE generall acceptance of this matchleſſe *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*) is ſufficiently approued by many, the worth whereof if any other, out of malice, ſhall neglect to commend, hee may well (if it proceed, from nice Criticiſme) be excluded as a Churliſh Retainer to the MVSES: if from direct plaine dealing, he ſhall be degraded for inſufficiencie. For had ſuch a *Poem*

beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our easie conseruations of wit by printing, they would haue cõmitted it to brasse lest iniurious time might depriue it of due eternitie; If to cõuerse with a Creature so amiable as is here described, be thought difficult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added many *Elegies* of his vntimely death, and *Characters* and *Newes* written by himselfe and others his friends. Howsoeuer, they are now exposed, not only to the Iudicious, but to all that cary the least scruple of mother wit about them.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui — Mar.

Lau: L'isle.

Elegies of ſeuerall Authors, on the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerburie* poyſoned in the Tower.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

T'would eaſe our Sorrowes, t'would releaſe our Teares,
Could we but heare thoſe high celeſtiall Spheares,
Once tune their Motions to a dolefull ſtraine
In ſympathie of what we Mortalls plaine,
Or ſee their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke Deeds, ſo ſtrange,
As might force pitie from the Heart of Hell
Are hatch'd by Monſters, which among vs dwell,
The Stars me thinks, like Men inclin'd to ſleep,
Should through their chryſtall caſements ſcarcely peep,
Or at leaſt view vs but with halfe an eye,
For feare their chaſter Influence *might deſcry*
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltleſſe blood,
Blending vile iuices to deſtroy the good.
The Sunne ſhould wed his Beames to endles Night,
And in dull darknes canopie his Light,
When from the ranke ſtewes of adulterous Breſts,
Where euery baſe vnhallowed Proiect reſts,

Is belcht, as in defiance of his shine,
A steame, might make euen Death it selfe to pine.
But these things happen still; but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more lustre did these Lampes appeare:
Mercurie *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no touch of sorrow feele,
And yet he sees a true Mercurian killd,
Whose birth his Mansion with much honour filld.
But let me not mistake those Powers aboue,
Nor taxe iniuriously those Courts of Ioue;
Surely, they ioy to see these Acts reueald,
Which in blinde silence haue bin long conceald;
And Virtue now triumphant; whil'st we mourne
To thinke that ere shee was foule Vices scorne:
Or that poore Ouer-buries *bloud was made*
A sacrifice to Malice and darke shade.
Weston *thy Hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did sway,*
Which did his life to endles sleepe conuay.
But rest thou where thou art; Ile seeke no glorie
By the relation of so sad a storie.
If any more were priuie to the Deed,
And for the Crime must be adiudg'd to bleed,
To Heauen I pray, with heau'd-vp Hands and Eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their Soules may rise.
And as those equally turne to one Dust,
So these alike may shine among the Iust.
And there make vp one glorious constellation,
Who suffred here in such a differing fashion.

D. T.

To the Memorie of that generally bewailed Gentleman, Sr. *Thomas Ouerburie.*

BVt that w'are bound in Chriſtian pietie
To wiſh Gods will be done; and Deſtinie
(In all that happs to Men, or Good, or Ill)
Suffer'd, or ſent, by that implored Will; (Breath,
Me thinks, t'obſerue how Vertue drawes faint
Subiect to ſlanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wiſe men kept low, others aduanc'd to State,
Right check't by wrong, and Ill men fortunate;
Theſe mou'd Effects, from an vnmoued Cauſe,
Might ſhake the firmeſt Faith; Heauens fixed Lawes
Might caſuall ſeeme, and each irregular Sence
Spurne at iuſt Order, blame Gods Prouidence.
But what is Man, t'expoſtulate th'Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of ſtrange Euents?
The riſing Sunne to mortall ſight reueales
This Earthly Globe; but yet the Starrs conceales;
So may the Sence diſcouer Naturall Things;
Diuine, aboue the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad Inſtrument
Doe I accuſe, in each ſad Accident:
Good men muſt fall, Rapes, Inceſts, Murders come;
But woe and curſes follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their ſin,
For that proceeds from deu'liſh Formes within.

Thou then that ſufferd'ſt by thoſe Formes ſo vile,
From whom thoſe wicked Inſtruments did file
Thy droſſie part, to make thy Fame ſhine cleare,
And Shrine thy ſoule in Heauens all glorious Sphere;
Who being good, naught les to the beſel, (
Though it appear'd diſguiſ'd in ſhape of Hell;
Vaniſh thy Blood and Nerues; True life alone
In Vertue liues, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deathles: O behold,
(If thou canſt looke ſo low as Earths baſe moulde)
How dreadfull Iuſtice (late with lingring Foot)
Now comes like Whirle-winde? how it ſhakes the Root
Of loftie Cedars; makes the ſtately Brow
Bend to the Foot? how all men ſee that now
The Breath of Infamie doth moue their Sayles;
Whiles thy deare name by Loues more hartie gales
Shall ſtill keep Winge, vntill thy Fames extent
Fill eu'rie part of this vaſt Continent.
Then you the Syre of this thus murder'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; ſince he hath wonne
More Honor in his Sufferance; and his Death
Succeeded by his Vertues endles Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Loue might erect a Statue; Zeale, a Temple:
On his true worth the Muſes might be ſtayne
To dye his Honors Web in pureſt Grayne.

C. B.

Vpon the vntimely Death of the Author of this ingenious *Poem*, Sr. THO. OVERBVRY Knight, poyſoned in *the Towre.*

SO many *Moones* ſo many times gone round,
And roſe from *Hell*, and *Darknes* vnder ground,
And *yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to Light? ô tardie *Heauen*! yet tell
If *Murther* layes him downe to ſleep with *Luſt*
Or no? reueale, as *thou* art *Truth*, and *Iuſt*,
The *Secrets* of this vniuſt ſecure *Act*,
And what *our Feares* make vs ſuſpect, *compact*
With greater deeds of Miſchiefe, for alone
We thinke not *This*, and do ſuſpect yet *One*,
To *which* compar'd, *This*, but a *falling Starre*,
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy *Care*
We ſee takes *meaner things*: *It* times the *World*
The *Signes* at random thorough the *Zodiack* hurld,
The *Stars* wild wandrings, & the glib-quick *Hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*; and all the *violent changes*
It ouer-lookes, which troubleth endleſſe courſe
Of the high Firmament: *by thy bleſt Force*
Do hoary winter Froſts make Forreſts bare
And ſtraight to Groues againe their ſhades repaire,

By

By *Thee* doth *Autumns, Lyons-flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeere sustaine
Her burdned powres: *ô being still the same,*
Ruling so much, and vnder *whom* the frame
Of this vast world weighd, all his *Orbes* dost guide,
Why are thy Cares of Men no more applide?
Or if: why seem'st thou sleeping to the *Good*,
And *guarding* to the *Ill?* as if the *brood*
Of best things still must Chance take in Command
And not thy *Prouidence*: and *Her blinde Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroniously disburse,
Which so let fall, ne're fall but to the *worse?*
Whence *so, great crimes* commit the *Greater* sort,
And boldest acts of shame blaze in the *Court*,
Where *Buffones* worship in their *rise* of *State*
Those filthy *Scarrabs*, whom they *Serue*, and *Hate*.
Sure things meere *backward*, *there*; *Honor* disgracst,
And *Vertue* layd by *Fraud*, and *Poyson*, waste:
The *Adult'rer vp like Haman*, and so *Sainted*:
And *Femals modesty* (as *Femals*) painted,
Lost in all reall worth: what shall we say?
Things so farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaëton*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine*, had all misse-won
A cleane contrary way: ô powerfull *God*,
Right all amisse, and set the wonted period
Of *Goodnesse* in his place againe: *This deed*
Be *Vsher* to bring foorth the *Maske*, and *Weed*

Where

Where vnder, blacker things lye hid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a ſafe eſcape.
Of *This*, make knowen, why ſuch an Inſtrument
As *Weſton*, a *poore Serving-man*, ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBVRIE,
In ſtrife for an *Ambaſſadorſhip*? no, no,
His *Orbe* held no ſuch *light*: what did he owe
The *Prophet* malice for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſura in neat *Poëſis*,
How *Good*, and *Great* men ought, and *All*, to chuſe
A *chaſte*, *fit*, *noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the ſame,
Was this his fault? or doth there lie a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrak't, for which
He di'de ſo falſly? *Heauen* we doe beſeech
Vnlocke this ſecret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the blond, Luſt made vntrue.

W. S.

An Elegie consecrated to the memorie of the truly worthy and learned Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* KNIGHT.

HAd not thy wrong, like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not bin assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which do in cold blood fight
Had come but faintly on; for, euer, he
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*
(Vnlesse some neerer cause do him inspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passiion (after, lessning hir extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Was't not enough to see his deare life bowe
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame?*
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romans* sometime would enact
No doome for *Patricide*, supposing none
Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iustice* salues not: leauing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.
Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow these
Glasses which multiply the *Species*,

We

We ſee thy vertues more; and they become
So many *Statues* ſleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein, confinement new thou ſhalt endure,
But ſo; as when to make a *Pearle* more pure
We giue it to a *Doue*, in whoſe wombe pent
Some time, we haue it forth moſt orient.
Such is thy luſtre now, that venomd *Spight*
With her blacke Soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a courſe begins to runne
With thoſe that curſe the riſing of the *Sunne*.
The poyſon, that works vpwards now, ſhall ſtriue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preſernatiue*,
And witch-craft that can maske the *vpper Shine*
With no one cloud ſhall blinde a raye of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obſcure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguiſh'd it,
And after time, that broke their bondage chaine
Found it, to fire their ſacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* ſomewhile, but being found,
The *Muſes Altars* plentifully crownd
With ſweet perfumes, by it new kindled be
And offer all to thy deare Memorie.
Nor haue we loſt thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canſt deſcend into *Oblivion*.
But twice the *Sun* went round ſince thy Soule fled,
And only *that time* men ſhall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (raiſd to life) thou ſtill ſhalt haue
An *Antidote* againſt the ſilent Graue.

W. B. Int: Temp.

2 Willm. Browne.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sr. *Thomas Ouerbury.*

IF for to liue be but a misery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life should be amended:
Yet wert to compasse his insatiate Lust,
He this last friendship tendred to thee: trust
Whiles he dishonour'd and defam'd may die,
Iustice and Fame, shall crowne thy memorie.

B. G. medij Temp.

In

In obitum intempeſtiuum & lachrimabilem Illuſtriſſimi Equitis aurati TH: OVERBVRI magnę ſpei & expectationis Viri.

HOw euer windie miſchiefe raiſe vp high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre vpon vs all
A tempeſt of foule rumors, which deſcry
Thy hard miſhap and ſtrange diſaſtrous fall;
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather ſhould haue raiſd thee vp to ſtand.

Yet ſhalt thou here ſuruiue in pittying fame,
In thy ſweet Wife, in theſe moſt acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertues tombe, which all thy honor ſhrines:
In ſpight of enuie, or the proudeſt hate,
That thus hath ſet opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, ſith it falls out ſo,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a box of pretious balme did dare:
With whoſe perfume, although it was thus ſpilld,
The houſe and commers by were better filld.

Cap: *Tho: Gainsford.*

A Memoriall,
Offered to that man of virtue,
Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

ONce dead and twice aliue; Death could not (frame
A death, whose sting could kil him in his fame.
He might haue liu'd, had not the life, which gaue
Life to his life, betraid him to his graue.
If greatnes could consist in being Good,
His Goodnes did adde titles to his blood.
Only vnhappy in his liues last fate,
In that he liu'd so soone, to die so late.
Alas whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When Innocence cannot protect the iust?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemie his ruine, but his friend.
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a breath,
To guerdon poore simplicitie with Death:
Was neuer man, that felt the sense of griefe
So Ouer-bury'de in a safe beliefe:
Beliefe? ô cruell slaughter? times vnbred,
Will say, who dies that is vntimely dead,
By treacherie, of lust, or by disgrace.
In friendship, 'twas but *Ouerburies* case;
Which shal not more cõmend his truth, then proue
Their guilt, who were his opposites in loue.

Rest

Reſt happy Man; and in thy ſpheare of Awe
Behold how Iuſtice ſwaies the ſword of Law,
To weed out thoſe, whoſe hãds imbrew'd in blood,
Cropt of thy youth, and flower in the bud.
Sleep in thy Peace: thus happie haſt thou prou'd,
Thou mighſt haue dy'de more knowne, not more
(belou'd.

Vpon Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* the Author of this ingenious Poem.

HEſperydes (within whoſe Gardens grow
Apples of Gold) may well thy loſſe deplore,
For in thoſe Gardens they could neuer ſhow,
A tree ſo faire of ſuch a fruitfull ſtore.
Grace was the Root, and thou thy Selfe the Tree,
Sweet counſells were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the Branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reaſon the Leafe vpon thoſe Branches ſpred,
Vnder thy ſhadow did the *Muſes* flocke,
And (by Thee as a mantle) couered.
But what befell, ô too much out of kinde?
For thou waſt blaſted by a Weſt-on winde.

R. Ca.

Of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* his *Wife* and *Mariage*.

WHen I beho'd this Wife of thine, ſo faire,
So far remou'd from vulgar beauties (Ayre
Being leſſe bright and pure) me thinks I ſee
An vncloth'd Soule, by potent Alchymie
Extraught from ragged Matter. Thou haſt made
A Wife more innocent then any Maide.
Eua'hs ſtate, before the fall's, decyphred here,
And *Plato's* naked vertu's not more cleare
Such an *Idea* as ſcarce wiſhes can
Arriue at, but our Hopes muſt ne're attaine.
A Soule ſo far beyond the Common Make
As ſcorn'd corporeall ioyning. For hir ſake
(Deſpairing elſe contact) Thou too turn'ſt Soule;
And, to enioy hir fayres without comptroule,
Caſt'ſt of this bodies clog: ſo muſt all doe,
Caſt Matter of, who would abſtraction wooe.
To flie ſo ſoone then (Soule) well haſt thou donn:
For, in this life, ſuch beauties are not wonn.
But when I call to minde thine vnripe fall,
And ſo ſad ſummons to thy Nuptiall,
Either, in hir, thy bold deſires did taſte
Forbidden fruit, and haue this Curſe purchaſt.
Or, hauing this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of Creation,)

The

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breath
To puniſh thine ambitious loue with Death.
Or, thy much enui'd choice hath made the reſt
Of Concrete Relicts point their aymes infeſt
To thy confuſion. And with them ſeduc'de
Friendſhip (diſpleaſ'd to ſee a Loue produc'd
Leſſe carnall then it ſelfe) with policie
So pure and chaſt a Loue to nullifie.
Yet, howſoe're, their proiect flies in ſmoke, (chol
The poyſon's cordiall, which they ment ſhould
Their deeds of darknes, like the Bridall Night,
Haue ioyn'd ſpirituall Louers, in deſpight
Of falſe attempts: And now the wedding's donn
When in this life, ſuch fayres had not been woon

E. G.

To the Booke.

THou wofull Widdow, once happie Wife,
That didſt enioy ſo ſwete a Mate:
Who, now bereaued, is, of Life,
Vntimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed moſt vile, to haſt the end
Of him, that was ſo good a frend.

F. H.

On this excellent Poem the Wife.

Oe here the matchles patterne of a Wife,
Deciphered in forme of Good and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good as Darke doth
r as a loathed Bed a ſingle Life; (Light,
he Good, with Wiſdom and Diſcretion clad,
With Modeſtie, and faire demeanour dight,
Whoſe Reaſon doth her Will to Loue inuite.

eaſon begot, and Paſſion bred hir Loue,
elfe-will She ſhunn'd, Fitnes the Mariage made;
Fitnes doth cheriſh Loue, Selfe-will Debate.
oe thus; and in this Monument of proofe
perfect Wife, a Worke nor Time can fade,
Nor looſe reſpect betray to mortall Fate.
This, none can equall; Beſt, but imitate.

R. C.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the Wife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I haue found occaſion
Honeſt and iuſt; without the worlds perſwaſion
Or flatterie or briberie to commend
A woman for her goodnes; and God ſend
I may finde many more: I wiſh them well,
They are pretty things to play with: when *Eue* fe
She tooke a care that all the Wo-men kinde
That were to follow her, ſhould be as blinde
As ſhe was wilfull; and till this good Wife,
This peece of Vertue, that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labor: Thoſe ſtand ſtill
As marginalls to point vs to our ill
Came to the world, as other creatures doe
That know no God but will; we learnt to woe,
And if ſhe were but faire and could but kiſſe,
Twenty to one we could not chooſe amiſſe;
And as we iudge of trees if ſtraight and tall
That may be ſound, yet neuer till the fall
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; So till no
We only knew we muſt loue; but not how.
But here we haue example, and ſo rare,
That if we hold but common ſenſe and care,
And ſteere by this card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly ſay at his Natiuitie,

hat man was ſeal'd a foole: yet all this good
iuen, as it is, not cloath'd in fleſh and blood
ome may auerre and ſtrongly twas meere ment
a way of practiſe, but not preſident;
ither will make vs happy men; for he
hat marrieth any way this myſterie,
r any parcell of that benefit,
hough he take hold of nothing but the wit,
ath got himſelfe a partner for his life,
lore then a woman, better then a wife.

I. F.

Eiuſdem in Eandem.

AS from a man the firſt fraile woman came,
The firſt that euer made vs know our ſhame,
nd finde the curſe of labor; ſo againe,
oodneſſe and vnderſtanding found a man
o take this ſhame away; and from him ſprung
peece of excellence without a Tongue
ecauſe it ſhould not wrong vs; yet the life
lakes it appeare a woman and a wife.
nd this is ſhe, if euer woman ſhall
oe good heereafter; borne to bleſſe our fall.

I. F.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the Wife.

WEre euery beauty, euery ſeuerall grace,
Which is in Women, in one Womans face
Some courtly Gallants might, I think, come to be
Which would not wed her, though they ſeem'd t
Setled Affections follow not the Eye; (woe he
Reaſon and Iudgement, muſt their courſe deſcrie.
Pigmalions Image made of Marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all; belou'd of him alone.
But heere's a Dame growen husbandleſſe of late,
Which not a Man but wiſheth were his Mate.
So faire without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That Earth ſeemes heere to ſtand exempt from ſi
Iuno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D. T.

On the Wife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus men count it happy Fate.
Vertue they think doth in theſe Emblems ſhroud,
But tryall ſhewes they are gulled with a Cloud:

Theſe are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward cariage, geſture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that ſets a Woman forth:
And in this Woman, theſe haue each a place.
Were all Wiues ſuch, This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Poſteritie.

D. T.

On the Wife.

WEll haſt thou ſaid, that womē ſhold be ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as much
I would be maried too, but that I know
Not what ſhee is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widdow be my Wife.

X. Z.

On the Wife.

THis perfect Creature, to the Eaſterne vſe
Liu'd, whilſt a wife retir'd from common ſhow:
Not that her Louer fear'd, the leaſt abuſe,
But with the wiſeſt, knew it fitter ſo:
Since, ſalne a widdow, and a zealous one,
She would haue ſacrifizde her ſelfe agen,
But importun'd to life; is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wiſe ſingle men,
Which, to th'adultrous reſt, that dare begin
There vſ'd temptations, were a mortall ſinne.

To the Wife.

EXpoſ'd to all, thou wilt leſſe worthy ſeeme
I feare: Wiues common, all men diſeſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a diffring Fate: ſome fret
We doubt in wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid Medalls ruſt, which being vſ'de grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou though more cõmon, then maiſt ſeem more (good,
I only wiſh thou maiſt be vnderſtood.

G. R.

To the cleane contrary wife.

Look here: & chide thoſe Spirits, which maintain
Their Empire, with ſo ſtrong command in you,
That all good eyes, which do your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them, muſt once ſuſtaine:
O from thoſe Euills, which free Soules diſdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but perſue
Worſt Minds) from them (as hatefull, as vntrue,)
By reading this, for Fames faire ſake refraine:
Who would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightnes, Indiſcretion, and the ſhame
Of fowle Incontinence, when the baſe blood
Is careleſſe only of an Honourd Name,
Be all that gentle are, more high Improou'd,
For looſe Dames are but flatter'd, neuer Lou'd.

W: Stra:

Of the choyce of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry:
I would truſt the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of Loue and Glory
Each tongue beſt tells his owne ſtory.

Firſt, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would haue her childe to ſuch
Whoſe free vertuous liues are older
Then Antiquitie can touch:
For tis ſeldom ſeen, that Blood
Giues a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient ſtocke may bring
Branches I confeſſe of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brought them forth.
Yet ſuch Hills though gilded ſhow
Sooneſt feele the Age of ſnow.

Therefore

Therefore to preuent ſuch care
That repentance ſoone may bring,
Like Marchants I would chuſe my ware,
Vſe-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for ſtate or face,
Buyes a Horſe to loſe a Race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kiſt away:
I would haue her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But deſcending to the Sea,
Make her ſet with none but me.

If ſhe be not tall tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it ſelfe in ſuch a letter,
That it leaues vnſtudied no man:
I would haue my Miſtreſſe grow
Onely tall, to anſwere No.

Yet

Yet I would not haue her loſe
So much breeding, as to fling
Vnbecomming ſcorne on thoſe
That muſt worſhip euery thing.
Let her feare looſe lookes to ſcatter,
And looſe men will feare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare,
More for loue of name then bed:
So each childe I haue is heyre
To another maydenhead;
For ſhe that in the act's afraide,
Euery nigh'ts another maide.

Such a one, as when ſhees woo'd
Bluſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo innocently good,
That her dreames are euer chaſt;
For that Maide that thinkes a ſin,
Has betraide the Fort ſhee's in.

In my viſitation ſtill,
I would haue her ſcatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After proteſtations Teares:
And who vowes a conſtant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

When the Prieſt firſt ioines our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen, like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons *rod together,*
Both may bud, grow greene, and wither.

FINIS.

Man did but the *well being* of his life
From *Woman* take; her *Being* she from *Man*;
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Mariage their obiect is; their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Marriage; to all whose ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being *parted* so,
Wherein the very *act* is Chastitie,
Whereby *two Soules* into *one Bodie* goe.
Which makes *two one*, while here they liuing be
And after death in their *posteritie*.

God to *each Man a priuate Woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort like himselfe* might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vse*, part of their end
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

We fill but *part of Time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *fresh supply* haue lent,
Children are Bodies sole *Eternitie*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *Mans* instrument.
Now all *Mans Art* but only dead things makes
But herein *Man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Lust*; I know tis infinite,
It still *begins*, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is euerlasting, the *delight*,
This instant doth not feele, of *that* before.
The *taste* of it is only in the *Sense*,
The *operation* in the *Conscience*.

Woman is not *Lusts bounds*, but *Woman-kinde*;
One is *Loues number*: who from that doth fall,
Hath lost his hold, and no *new rest* shall finde;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all;
A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Lust* cannot finde;
For *Lust* is still with *want*, or *too much*, *pinde*.

Bate *luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is eu'n with his,
For, *Not to luſt*, and to *Enioy*, is one:
And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is;
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the Woman often changed be,
Yet Hee's the ſame without varietie.

Marriage our *luſt* (as 'twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choyce of *Her*, it much doth lie,
To mend my ſelfe in my poſterity.

O rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue*;
So let me chuſe, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approue*,
Beaſts likeneſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde:*
Our *Soules no Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *Men.*

But Phyſicke for our *Inſt* their *Bodies* be,
But matter fit to ſhew our *Lone* vpon;
But onely *Shells* for our *poſteritie*,
Their ſoules were giu'n leſt men ſhould be alone:
For, but the *Soules Interpreters*, *words be*,
Without which, *Bodies* are no Company.

That *goodly frame* we ſee of fleſh and blood,
Their *faſhion* is, not *weight*; it is I ſay
But their *Laye-part*; but well digeſted food;
Tis but twixt *Duſt*, *and Duſt*, *Lifes middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeen*,
But onely that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my Wife,
Is but skin-deepe, but to *two ſenſes* knowne;
Short euen of Pictures, ſhorter liu'd then Life,
And yet the *lone* ſuruiues, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination*, is too high,
For *Bodies*, when they meete, to ſatisfie,

All

All Shapes, all Colours are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire:*
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*,
And thoſe, but the firſt weeke; by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which diffred at *firſt view*;
Nor can that difference *abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beautie*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'd by vs, in an *inferior place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enioying wee*
Make *ours become*; ſo our *deſire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe then *Beauty*, ſhall my *Reaſon* blinde,
Her *Birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *actiue Gentrie* finde,
Vertue, then *paſſiue* from her Anceſtry;
Rather in *her aliue* one vertue ſee,
Then all the reſt dead in her *Pedigree*.

In the Degrees, high rather be ſhe plac't,
Of *Nature*, then of *Art*, and *Policie*:
Gentry is but a *relique* of Time paſt,
And *Loue* doth onely but the *preſent* ſee; (*ſame*,
Things were firſt made, then *words*: ſhe were the
With, or *without*, *that title*, or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I ſhun it, nor my aime it make;
Byrth, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All theſe I would for *good additions* take,
Not for *Good Parts*; thoſe *two* are ill combin'd,
Whō, any *third* thing frō *themſelues*, hath ioyn'd.

Rather then theſe, the obiect of my *Loue*,
Let it be *Good*; when theſe with vertue go,
They (in themſelues *indifferent*,) vertues proue,
For *Good* (life fire) turnes all things to be ſo.
Gods Image, in Her *Soule*, ô let me place
My *Loue* vpon; not *Adams* in Her *Face*.

Good,

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes beauty* keepes the *other* ſweete:
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glaſſe, nor painting can it counterfet,
Nor doth it raiſe deſires, which euer tend
At once, to their perfection, and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderſtood,
So *God* ſhe cannot loue, but alſo *mee*,
The law requires our *words* and *deedes* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth ſanctifie:
And ſhe is *more* a *Maide* that *raniſht* is,
Then She which onely doth but *wiſh amiſſe*.

Luſt only by *Religion* is withſtood;
Luſts obiect is aliue, his ſtrength within;
Moralitie reſiſts but in *cold blood*;
Reſpect of *Credit* feareth *ſhame*, not *ſinne*.
But no place *darke enough* for ſuch offence
She finds, that's *watcht* by her owne *conſcience*.

Then may I *truſt her Body* with her *minde*,
And, thereupon ſecure, neede neuer know
The pangs of *Iealouſie*: and *Loue* doth finde
More paine to *doubt* her falſe, then *know* her ſo:
For *Patience* is, of euills that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* ſtirr'd, twill neuer die,
Nor wil the griefe more milde by cuſtome proue;
Nor yet *Amendment* can it ſatisfie,
The *Anguiſh* more or leſſe, is *as our Loue*:
This miſery doth *Iealouſie* enſue,
That we may proue her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpicion may the will of *Luſt* reſtraine,
But *Good* preuents from hauing ſuch a *will*,
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſt and more* containe,
For *Chaſt* is but an *Aſtinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good*, the *leaſt*.

To

To barre the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealouſie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When they *occaſion* of *vnlawfull* be:
Luſt ere it hurts, is beſt deſcride a farre:
Luſt is a ſinne *of two*; he that is ſure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* ſecure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnderſtanding Wife*,
By Nature *wiſe*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on Her ſide, will all my life
More ſcope of conuerſation impart,
Beſides, Her inborne vertue fortifie, (why.
They are moſt firmly good, that beſt know

A *paſſiue vnderſtanding* to conceiue,
And *Iudgement* to diſcerne, I wiſh to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue;
Learning, and *pregnant wit* in Woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballaſt*, but more *ſaile*.

Domeſticke

Domeſticke Charge doth beſt that *Sexe* befit,
Contiguous buſineſſe; ſo to fixe the Minde,
That *Leaſure* ſpace for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leaſure* tis, corrupteth *Woman-kinde*,
Elſe, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a ſhorter cut then wee.

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inke they *Thoughts*, and *Voices* hold,
That we to them our ſolitude may giue,
And make *Time-preſent* trauell that of *old*.
Our Life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

As *good*, and *knowing*, let her be *Diſcreet*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *Faſhion* bring;
Diſcretion doth conſider what is *Fit*,
Goodneſſe but what is *lawfull*; but the *Thing*,
Not *Circumſtances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In Men, but *curious folly without it*.

To

To keepe their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Diſcretion askes; their *Credit* is by farre
More *fraile* then *They*; on likely-hoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſproou'd, *Luſt's ſlanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chaſtity* alone,
Muſt keepe their *Name* chaſte from *ſuſpition*.

Womens *Behauiour* is a ſurer barre
Then is their *No*: *That* fairely doth *denie*
Without *denying*; *thereby* kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhee,
Which hath *without conſent* bin onely tride;
He comes too *neere*, that comes *to be denide*.

Now ſince a *Woman* we to *Marry* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone;
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beauty is *Health*, and *Beauty*, both in one;
Be ſhee ſo faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as Shee moſt Women elſe containe,

So

So Faire at leaſt let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me* is *Truth: Opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eyes ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne.*
And as my *Fancy Her* conceiues to bee,
Euen ſuch my Senſes both, doe *Feele* and *See.*

The *Face* we may the ſeat of *Beauty* call,
In it the relliſh of the reſt doth lie,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things elſe, being *two*, ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies,
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmonie*,
Of euery part, vnited in the *Eye.*

Loue

Loue is a kinde of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it ſelfe hath fram'd;
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the *obiect* is inflam'd;
Beauty is Loues *obiect*; *Woman* Luſt's; to gaine
Loue, Loue Deſires; *Luſt* onely to *obtaine*.

No circumſtance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *faſhion*, natiue *Comelineſſe*.
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot it beget, but may encreaſe;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something ſhe left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *Faſhion* more to *Modeſtie*
Tend, then *Aſſurance*; *Modeſty* doth ſet
The face in her iuſt place, from *Paſſions* free,
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies Beauty* met;
But *Modeſty*, no vertue can we ſee;
That, is the Faces onely *Chaſtitie*,

Where

Where *goodneſſe* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence tis, that *women*, though they weaker be,
And their deſires more ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *Chaſtity* of *men* doth often lie:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it, as other ſinnes, be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts* a *Perfect woman* make,
Adde *Loue to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*,
Without her *Loue*, Her *Beauty* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* giues it life:
Till then, Her *Beauty* like the Sun doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, onely *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which ſecond Loues are built vpon)
Will make *me* (if not *Her*) her *Loue* reſpect,
No Man, but fauours his owne worths effect.

As

A WIFE.

As *Good*, and *wiſe*; ſo be ſhe *Fit* for mee,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will*, the ſame,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted-ſelfe*, and ſhee
As Mee, ſo what I loue, to Loue muſt frame.
For when by Marriage, both in one concurre,
Woman conuerts to Man, not Man to her.

FINIS.

The Authors Epitaph, written by himſelfe.

THe Span of my dayes meaſur'd, heere I reſt,
That is, my body; but my ſoule, his gueſt,
Is hence aſcended, whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely loue can clime;
Where being now enlightned, Shee doth know
The Truth of all men argue off below:
Onely this duſt doth heere in Pawne remaine,
That, when the world diſſolues, ſhe come again.

Characters,

OR

*Wittie deſcriptions of the pro-*perties of ſundry Perſons.

A very Woman.

Very Woman, is a dow-bakt man, or a *Shee* ment well towards man, but fell two bowes ſhort, *ſtrength* & *underſtanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modeſtie*, that keepes a man from climing ouer into her faults. She ſimpers as if

ſhe had no teeth, but lips, and ſhe diuides her eyes and keepes halfe for her ſelfe, and giues the other to her neate *Youth*. Being ſet downe ſhee caſts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, & is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their myſterie not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuate and ſtretcheth her vpon meat. Shee is *Marigeable* and *Fourteene* at once; and after ſhee doth not liue but tarrie. Shee reads ouer her face euery morning, & ſometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks ſhe is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and ſhe loues her glaſſe, and the knight of the Sunne for lying. Shee is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and deuices, like the ſigne of a Tauerne, to drawe *Strangers*. If ſhee ſhew more ſhee preuents deſire, and by too free giuing, leaues no *Giſt*. Shee may eſcape from the Seruing-man, but not from the Chamber-

Chamber-maide. Shee commits with her eares for certaine: after that shee may go for a Maide, but she hath beene lien with in her vnderstanding. Her *Philosophie*, is a seeming neglect of those, that be too good for her. Shee's a yonger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is still too big for it; yet her *Vanity* seldom matcheth hir, with one of her owne degree, for then she wil beget another creature, a begger; and commonly, if shee marrie better, shee marries worse. She gets much by the simplicitie of her Sutor, and for a iest, laughes at him without one. Thus shee dresses a Husband for her selfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the land adioyning, yee may see it, in a Seruingmans fresh *Naperie*, and his Legge steps into an vnknowne stocking. I need not speake of his *Garters*, the tassell shewes it selfe. If shee loue, shee loues not the Man, but the beast of him. Shee is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans

walking-conſumption: euery caudle ſhe giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe commendation is, ſhe brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightneſſe gets her to ſwimme at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *caruing*; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcom, and for that purpoſe ſhee quencheth her thirſt. She trauels to and among, and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainement, for all the follie in the Countrey, comes in cleane Linnen to viſit her: ſhe breakes to them her griefe in Sugar cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange, many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Sonne is like her howſoeuer, and that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her vtmoſt drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly ſhe obtaines at the yeeres of diſcretion. Shee takes a iourny ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her

Deuotion

Deuotion is good clothes, they carrie her to Church, expreſſe their ſtuffe and faſhion, and are ſilent; if ſhee be more deuout, ſhe lifts vp a certaine number of eyes, in ſtead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and meaſures out a nap by it, iuſt as long. She ſends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where ſhe neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe. Her moſt neceſſarie inſtruments, are a *waiting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-maid*; ſhee weares her Gentlewoman ſtill, but moſt often leaues the other in her Chamber-window, She hath a little *Kennel* in her lap, and ſhe ſmells the ſweeter for it. The vtmoſt reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt enuie, is the next Gentlewomans beter gown. Her moſt commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fuſtian beare her Veluet. This ſhe doth many times ouer, & then is deliuered to old Age, and a Chaire, where euery bodie leaues her.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. She lackes of him nothing but heat. Thence is her ſweetneſſe of diſpoſition, which meetes his ſtoutneſſe more pleaſingly; ſo wooll meetes yron eaſier then yron, and turnes reſiſting into embracing. Her greateſt learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sexe*, or on men, without caſting the difference. *Diſhoneſtie* neuer comes neerer than her eares, and then wonder ſtops it out, and ſaues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat *youth*, telling his *luſtious* tales, and puts back the *Seruingmans* putting forward with a frowne: yet her kindeneſſe is free enough to bee ſeene; for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond, She hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occaſion. Shee hath

ſo

ſo much knowledge as to loue it, and if ſhe haue it not at home, ſhee will fetch it; for this ſometimes in a pleaſant diſcontent ſhe dares chide her *Sexe*, though ſhe vſe it neuer the worſe. She is much within, and frames outward things to her minde; not her minde to them. She weares good clothes, but neuer better; for ſhee findes no degree beyond *Decency*. She hath a content of her own, and ſo ſeekes not an husband, but findes him. She is indeede moſt, but not much to deſcription, for ſhe is direct and one, and hath not the varietie of ill. Now ſhe is giuen freſh and aliue to a husband, and ſhe doth nothing more then loue him, for ſhe takes him to that purpoſe. So his good becomes the buſineſſe of her actions, and ſhe doth her ſelfe kindneſſe vpon him. After his, her chiefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *Shee* is *Hee*.

A Diſſembler,

IS an eſſence needing a double definition, for hee is not that hee appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleaſing, vnto the eare not harſh, but vnto the vnderſtanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, & his intents giue him forme: he dieth his meanes and his meaning into two colours, hee baites craft with humilitie, and his countenance is the picture of the preſent diſpoſition. He winnes not by batterie, but vndermining, and his racke is ſmoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his obſeruation. He knowes paſſion onely by ſufferance, and reſiſteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memorie, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occaſion: the Inquiſitor muſt looke through his iudgement, for to the eie only he is not viſible.

A Courtier

A Courtier,

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the vnderſtanding, but this by the ſenſes; but his ſureſt marke is, that hee is to bee found onely about Princes. Hee ſmells; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the ſcituation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sunne*, and therefore he riſeth not before ten of the clocke. Hee puts more confidence in his words then meaning, and more to the pronuntiation than his wordes. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receipt of making loue. He followes nothing but inconſtancie, admires nothing but beautie, honors nothing but Fortune. Loues nothing. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is Newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends vpon the charging

ging. He is not, if he be out of Court, but fiſh-like breathes deſtruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aſpect are regular, but he mones by the vpper *Spheres*, and is the reflection of higher ſubſtances.

If you finde him not heere, you ſhall in *Paules*, with a pick-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloke, and a long ſtocking.

A Golden Aſſe,

IS a young thing, whoſe Father went to the Diuell; he is followed like a ſalt bitch, and limb'd by him that gets vp firſt; his diſpoſition is cut, and Knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes: hee is as blinde as his mother, and ſwallowes flatterers for friends. He is high in his own imagination; but that imagination, as a ſtone, that is raiſed by violence, deſcends naturally: when he goes, he lookes who lookes: if hee findes not good ſtore of

vailers

vailers, hee comes home ſtiffe and ſeer, vntill he be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereſoeuer he eates he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; but he cannot exchange a peece of reaſon, though he can a peece of gold. He is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beautie, and more then his beautie, they are his diſcretion, his countenance, his All. He is now at an end, for hee hath had the Wolfe of vaine-glorie, which he fed, vntill himſelfe became the food.

A Flatterer,

IS the ſhadow of a Fool. He is a good wood-man, for hee ſingleth out none but the wealthie. His carriage is euer of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake hee will halt or weare a wrie necke. He diſpraiſeth nothing but pouertie, and

and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his grace of making water. He ſelleth himſelfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to winne his praiſes by reciting the others gifts: he is readie for all imploiments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomacke go together. He will play any vpon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counſeller, he will ſerue as a Foole. Hee frequents the court of wards and ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Toga virilis*, with wiues or whoores. Hee entreth young men into acquaintance and debt books. In a word, hee is the impreſſion of the laſt terme, and will be ſo, vntill the comming of a new terme or termer.

An ignorant Glorie-hunter.

IS an *inſectum animal*; for he is the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is another thing from himſelfe, & is glewed, & but

but ſet on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame. Hee gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that hee is guiltleſſe of, if they bee in faſhion; and dares not ſalute a man in old clothes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publicke aſſembly without him, and hee will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew he will be one, though he be but a whifler, or a torch bearer; and beares downe ſtrangers with the ſtorie of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entitling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers and ſtrange Nations. He dares ſpeake more then he vnderſtands, and aduentures his wordes without the releife of any ſeconds. Hee relates battels and skirmiſhes, as from an eye witneſſe, when his eyes theeuiſhly beguiled a ballad

lad of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, he will not let himselfe vnderstand himselfe; but hopes, fame and opinion will bee the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timist,

Is a noune adiective of the present tense. He hath no more of a conscience then Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. Hee reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants seruant. Is first his own Slaue, and then whosoeuer looketh big; when he giues he curseth, and when hee sells he worships. Hee reades the statutes in his chamber, and weares the Bible in the streetes: he neuer praiseth any but before themselues or friends: and mislikes no great mans actions during his life. His new yeares gifts are readie at *Alhalomas*, and the sute he ment to mediate before them. He pleaseth the children of great

great men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his curteſie extends it ſelfe euen to the ſtable. Hee ſtraines to talke wiſely; and his modeſtie would ſerue a Bride. Hee is grauitie from the head to the foote; but not from the head to the heart; you may finde what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may be, and as paſſionately courts it; if at any time his hopes are effected, he ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of Fortune, and ſtudies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amoriſt.

IS a certaine blaſted or planet-ſtroken, and is the Dog that leades blinde *Cupid*; when he is at the beſt, his faſhion exceedes the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verſes, and muske confects; and ſighs to the hazard of his but-

tons

tons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the liuery of his Mistris complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. Hee fights with passion, and looseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreames, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly vſed, as if their beſt vſe were nothing but embracements. He is vntruſt, vnbuttoned, and vngartered, not out of careleſneſſe, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but it goeth not alone; for then he makes ſome other qualitie moralize his affection, and his trimneſſe is the grace of that grace. Hir fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun moiſture; when ſhe disfauours, vnable to hold that happineſſe, it falls downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and hee expreſſeth much of himſelfe vpon ſome inſtrument. He anſweres not, or not to the purpoſe; and no maruell, for he is not at home. Hee ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking vp of her gloue, and wearing her feather; he

hee is confinde to her colour, and dares not paſſe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goethin a pide-coat of red & white; ſhortly, he is tranſlated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glaſſe of luſt, and himſelfe the Traitour to his owne diſcretion.

An Affectate Trauellor

IS a ſpeaking faſhion; hee hath taken paynes to be ridiculous, and hath ſeen more then he hath perceiued. His attire ſpeakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cries, *Behold me*. Hee cenſures all things by countenances, and ſhrugs, and ſpeaks his owne language with ſhame and liſping: he will choake rather then confeſſe *Beere* good drinke: and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. Hee chuſeth rather to be counted a *ſpie*, then not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati-

on by naming great men familiarly. He chuſeth rather to tell lies. then not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſoundes big, but means nothing: & his Boy is bound to admire him howſoeuer. Hee comes ſtill from great Perſonages, but goes with meane. He takes occaſion to ſhew Iewels giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martins*: and not long after, hauing with a *Mountebanks* method, pronounced them woorth thouſands, enpawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtiuall daies he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canvaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeems as conuerſant with all intents and plots, as if he begot them. His extraordinary acount of men is firſt to tel them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow mony of them; hee offereth courteſies, to ſhew them, rather then himſelfe humble. Hee diſdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. Hee imputeth

puteth his wants and pouerty to the ignorance of the time, not his own vnworthineſſe: and concludes his diſcourſe with halfe a period, or a word, and leaues the reſt to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both bodie and ſoule are gouerned by Fame, hee loues moſt voices aboue truth.

A Wiſe man,

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, alters not. Hee hides himſelf with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them, He lookes according to nature, ſo goes his behauior. His minde inioyes a continuall ſmoothneſſe: ſo commeth it, that his conſideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of

their actions; by this meanes his peace commeth not from fortune, but himself. He is cunning in men, not to surprize but keepe his owne, & beats off their ill affected humours, no otherwise then if they were flies. Hee chuseth not friends by the subsidy-booke, and is nor luxurious after acquaintance. Hee maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicacies, but temperance; and his minde by giuing it preheminence ouer his body. Hee vnderstands things not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualties, for Fortune hath nothing to doe with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but he hath diuided his soule, from the case of his soule, whose weakenesse he assists no otherwise then commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus: and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit

HAth ſurueyed and fortified his diſpoſition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reaſon, there is marriage; the iſſue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and ſeeth the end before he ſhoot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vſe: occaſion incites him, none enticeth him; and he mooues by affection, not for affection; he loues glory, ſcornes ſhame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. He calls not the varietie of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderſtanding, ſeeth them as things vnderneath. Hee couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſinee it is not able to defend

its owne imbecillitie, to ſhew or ſuffer. He licenceth not his weaknes, to weare Fate, but knowing reaſon to bee no idle gift of Nature, he is the Steeres-man of his owne deſtiny. Truth is his goddeſſe, & he takes paines to get her, not to looke like her. He knowes the condition of the world, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another. To theſe he carries his deſires, & not his deſires him; and ſtickes not faſt by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courſes, of all intents, of all things, to haue but one center, or period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth thither and ends there, as his true & naturall element. He doth not contemne Fortune, but not confeſſe her. Hee is no gameſter of the world (which only complaine and praiſe her) but being onely ſinſible of the honeſtie of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement of ſcum. Vnto the ſociety of men he is a *Sunne*, whoſe cleereneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion: when he

is more particular, hee is the wiſe mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feeles age more by the ſtrength of his ſoule, than the weakeneſſe of his body: thus feeles he no paine, but eſteemes all ſuch things as friends, that deſire to file off his fetters, & help him out of priſon.

An Olde Man

IS a thing that hath beene a man in his daies. Olde men are to bee knowne blind-folded: for their talke is as terrible as their reſemblance. They praiſe their own times as vehemently, as if they would ſell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old cuſtomes, euen to the eating of red herring, and going wet-ſhod. They call the thumbe vnder the girdle, Grauitie; and becauſe they can

hardly ſmell at all, their Poſies are vnder their girdles. They count it an Ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a cough; and it is venerable, they ſay, to ſpend time in wiping their driueled beards. Their diſcourſe is vnanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacie: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lies paſſe with an equall affirmation, for their memories ſeuerall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſeruants their duties with as much ſcorne & tyrannie, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their clothes, with that certainetie, as if they knew, their heads would not direct them, and therefore Cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaues are carued and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their grauitie; and they dare not go without a gown in Summer. Their hats are bruſhed to drawe mens

eyes

eyes off from their faces; but of all, their *Pomandars* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend, or a Dog to excuſe.

A Countrey Gentleman

IS a thing, out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Iuſtice of peace is produced. Hee ſpeakes ſtatutes and huſbandry well enough, to make his neighbours thinke him a wiſe man; he is well skilled in *Arithmeticke* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to ſaue his two pence. His conuerſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His trauell is ſeldom farther then the next market towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corne: when he trauelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Cozens houſe of his to ſaue charges; and rewards the Seruants by taking them by the hand when hee departs

parts. Nothing vnder a *Sub-pœna* can draw him to *London*: and when hee is there, hee ſtickes faſt vpon euery obiect, caſts his eyes away vpon gazing, and becomes the prey of euery Cut-purſe. When he comes home, thoſe wonders ſerue him for his Holy-day talke. If he goe to Court, it is in yellow ſtockings; and if it be in Winter, in a ſlight taffety cloake, and pumps and pantofles. He is chaind, that wooes the Vſher for his comming into the preſence, where hee becomes troubleſome with the il managing of his Rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion, and the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a Leg both together, and the names of Lords and Counſellers; hee hath thus much toward entertainment and courteſie, but of the laſt hee makes more vſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, hee coniures his poor countrymen. But this is not his element, he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A Fine

A fine Gentle-man

IS the *Cynamon tree*, whoſe barke is more worth then his body. He hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbes may read it. He alloweth of no iudge, but the eye; painting, boulſtring, and bombaſting are his *Orateurs*: by theſe alſo hee prooues his induſtrie: for hee hath purchaſed legs, haire, beautie, and ſtraightneſſe, more then nature left him. He vnlockes maiden-heads with his language, and ſpeakes *Euphues*, not ſo gracefully as heartily. His diſcourſe makes not his behauiour, but hee buies it at Court, as Countrey men their clothes, in Birchin-lane. Hee is ſomewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines he expreſſeth comically: and nothing grieues him ſo much, as the want of a Poet to make an iſſue in his loue; yet he ſighs ſweetly, and ſpeakes lamentably:

tably : fot his breath is perfumed, and his words are winde. He is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas ; for the Boares head and Reueller come together ; his hopes are laden in his quality: & leſt Fidlers ſhould take him vnprouided, he weares pumps in his pocket : and leſt hee ſhould take Fidlers vnprouided, hee whiſtles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeares. and marriage ruſts him. Afterwards he maintaines himſelfe an implement of houſhold by caruing and vſhering. For all this, he is iudicious only in Taylours and Barbers, but his opinion is euer ready, and euer idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers ſhop is the witneſſe of his valour, where lies wounded, dead, rent, and out of faſhion, many a ſpruce Sute, ouerthrowne by his fantaſtickneſſe.

An Elder

An Elder Brother

IS a creature borne to the beſt aduantage of things without him, that hath the ſtart at the beginning, but loyters it away before the ending. Hee lookes like his Land, as heauily, and durtily, as ſtubbornly. He dares do any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his fathers life and minoritie, The firſt thing hee makes known is his eſtate; and the Loadſtone that draws him is the vpper end of the Table. Hee wooeth by a particular, and his ſtrongeſt argument is the ioynture. His obſeruation is all about the faſhion, and he commends Partlets for a rare deuiſe. He ſpeaks no language, but ſmels of dogs or hawkes; and his ambition flies Iuſtice-height. Hee loues to be commended, and hee will goe into the Kitchin, but heele haue it. He loues glory, but is ſo lazie, as hee is content with flattery. Hee ſpeakes moſt of the precedency

dency of age, and proteſts Fortune the greateſt vertue. He ſummoneth the old ſeruants, & tels what ſtrange acts he will doe when he raignes. He verily beleeues houſe-keepers the beſt common-wealths men; and therefore ſtudies baking, brewing, greaſing, and ſuch, as the limmes of goodneſſe. He iudgeth it no ſmall ſigne of wiſedome to talke much; his tongue therfore goes continually his errand, but neuer ſpeeds. If his vnderſtanding were not honeſter then his wil, no man ſhould keepe good conceite by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to ſell all he can to opinion. His pedigree & his fathers ſeale-ringe, are the ſtilts of his crazed diſpoſition. He had rather keep company with the dregs of men, then not to be the beſt man. His inſinuation is the inuiting of men to his houſe; and he thinks it a great modeſty to comprehend his cheere vnder a peece of Mutton and a Rabet: if he by this time be not knowne, he will goe home againe for he can no more abide to haue himſelf concealed, then his land;

yet

yet he is as you ſee good for nothing, except to make a ſtallion to maintaine the race,

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A Braggadochio Welchman

IS the Oyſter, that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the minde in *Potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldneſſe. His clothes are in faſhion before his body: and he accounts boldneſſe the chiefeſt vertue. Aboue all men he loues an Herrald, and ſpeakes pedigrees naturally. He accounts none well deſcended, that call him not Couzen; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The firſt note of his familiaritie is the confeſſion of his valour; and ſo hee preuents quarrels. He voucheth Welch, a pure and vnconquered language, and courts Ladies with the ſtory of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious

in

in his owne conceit, and vpon *S. Dauies* day without comparison.

A Pedant.

HE treads in a rule, and one hand scannes verses, and the other holds his Scepter. He dares not thinke a thoght that the nominatiue case gouerns not the Verbe; and hee neuer had meaning in his life, for he trauelled onely for words. His ambition is *Criticisme*, and his example *Tully*. Hee values phrases, and elects them by the sound, and the eight parts of speech are his Seruants. To be briefe, he is a *Hetoroclite*, for he wants the plurall number, hauing only the single quality of words.

A Ser-

He consists of double-beere and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his Guests power, as well of himselfe as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, saue in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatnesse, to lay all mislikes vpon his seruants. His wife is the *Cummin-seed* of his Doue-house; and to bee a good Guest, is a warrant of her liberty. He trafliques for Guests by mens friends, friends-friends, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for hee neither eats, drinkes, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appoyntments.

An Ostler.

IS *a thing that scrubbeth vnreasonably his horse, reasonably himselfe.* He consists of Trauellers, though he bee none

himselfe. His highest ambition is to bee *Host*, and the inuention of his signe is his greatest wit: for the expressing whereof he sends away the Painters for want of vnderstanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horse mouth, that he should not eat his hay: and behinde your backe, hee will cozen your horse to his face. His curry-combe is one of his best parts, for hee expresseth much by the gingling: and his mane-combe is a spinners card turn'd out of seruice. He puffes and blowes ouer your horse, to the hazard of a double Iugge: and leaues much of the dressing to the prouerb of *Mulimutuo scabunt*, One horse rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals lowdest, not first; hee takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue hee feeles not: his vtmost honesty is good fellowship, and he speakes Northerne, what country man soeuer: hee hath a pension of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence: hee loues to see you ride, & holds your stirrop in expectation.

A good

A good Wife.

IS a mans beſt mooueable, a ſcien incorporate with the ſtocke, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more then a friend, leſſe then trouble: an equall with him in the yoake. Calamities and troubles ſhee ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. Shee is relatiue in all; and hee without her, but halfe himſelfe. She is his abſent hands, eies, eares and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. She frames her nature vnto his howſoeuer: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more willingly. Stubbornneſſe and obſtinacy, are hearbes that grow not in her garden. She leaues tatling, to the goſſips of the towne, and is more ſeen then heard: Her houſhold is her charge, her care to that, makes her ſeldom *non reſident*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By her diſ-

cretion ſhe hath children, not wantons a Husband without her, is a miſetie in mans apparell : none but ſhee hath an aged husband, to whom ſhe is both a ſtaffe and a chaire. To conclude, ſhee is both wiſe and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholie Man.

IS a ſtrayer from the droue : one that nature made ſociable, becauſe ſhee made him man, and a crazed diſpoſition hath altered. Impleaſing to all, as all to him ; ſtragling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's his pleaſure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keeps his minde in a continuall motion, as the poiſe the clocke : he windes vp his thoughts often, and as often vnwindes them ; *Penelopes* webbe thriues faſter : he'le ſeldome bee found without the ſhade of

ſome

ſome groue, in whoſe bottome a riuer dwelles : he carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather : his outſide is framed to his inſide, in that hee keepes a *Decorum*, both vnſeemely. Speake to him, he heares with his eyes, eares follow his mind, and that's not at leaſure. hee thinkes buſineſſe, but neuer does any : he is all contemplation, no action: hee hewes and faſhions his thoughts, as if hee meant them to ſome purpoſe, but they proue vnprofitable, as a peece of wrought timber to no vſe : his Spirits and the Sunne are enemies ; the Sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and colde : varietie of fooliſh appatitions people his head, they ſuffer him not to breath according to the neceſſities of nature ; which makes him ſuppe vp a draught of as much aire at once, as would ſerue at thrice : hee denies nature her due in ſleepe , and ouer-payes her with watchfulneſſe : nothing pleaſeth him long , but that which pleaſeth his owne fantaſies :

they are the consuming euils, and euill consumptions, that consume him aliue. Lastly, he is a man onely in shew, but comes short of the better part; a whole reasonable soule, which is mans chiefe preheminence, and sole marke from creatures sensible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht peece of reason calkt and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempest. He is part of his owne Prouision, for he liues euer pickled. A fore-winde is the substance of his Creed; and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is euer climing: out of which as naturally he feares; for hee is euer flying: time and he are euery where, euer contending who shall ariue first: he is well winded, for hee tires the day, and out-runnes darkenesse. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the best part mewed; and if he

he liue till three coates, is a Maſter. He ſees Gods wonders in the deep; but ſo as rather they appeare his play-fellowes, then ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him, and then but his vpper deck neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes. His ſleeps are but repreeuals of his dangers, and when hee awakes, tis but next ſtage to dying, His wiſdome is the coldeſt part about him, for it euer poynts to the North: and it lyes loweſt, which makes his valor euery tide oreflow it. In a ſtorme tis diſputable, whether the noiſe be more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leaue ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may bee ſaued beſt, whether his faith bee ſtarre-bord faith, or lar-bord: or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen: his keel is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it bee ſplit he neuer repents, then no farther then the land allowes him, and his language is a new confuſion and all his thoughts, new

nations

nations : his body and his ſhippe are both one burthen, nor is it known who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt, only the ſhip is guided, he has no ſterne : a barnacle and hee are bred together both of one nature, and tis fear'd one reaſon : vpon any but a woodden horſe hee cannot ride, and if the winde blow againſt him he dare not : hee ſwarues vp to his ſeate as to a ſaile yarde, and cannot ſit vnleſſe he beare a flag ſtaffe : if euer hee bee broken to the ſaddle, tis but a voyage ſtill, for hee miſtakes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning his horſe taile : he can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when he would hee dares not, for his brackiſh beleefe hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a quick-ſand plucke him before hee bee ripe, elſe hee is gathered to his friends at Wapping.

A Soul-

A Souldier

IS the husband-man of valour, his ſword is his plough, which honor and *aqua-vitæ*, two fiery mettald iades, are euer drawing. A younger brother beſt becomes Armes; an elder, the thankes for them; euery heat makes him a harueſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: he is actiuely his Princes, but paſſiuely his angers ſeruant: hee is often a deſirer of learning, which once arriued at, proues his ſtrongeſt armour: he is a louer at all poynts; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him ſeeme a handſome foe, lightly he couets not, leſſe is below him: he neuer truely wants, but in much hauing, for then his eaſe and letchery afflict him: the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God hee beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the ſame file with

with him, and hold him to a man: his honour elſe, and the deſire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater then the ſonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is (doubtfull) and that the beſt deuotion keeps beſt quarter: he ſeldom ſees gray haires, ſome none at all, for where the ſword failes, there the fleſh giues fire: in charity, he goes beyond the Clergy, for hee loues his greateſt enemy beſt, much drinking. Hee ſeemes a full Student, for he is a great deſirer of controuerſies, hee argues ſharply, and carries his concluſion in his ſcabbard; in the firſt refining of mankinde this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His alay (for elſe you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heauy and weary marches, lodgings as full of neede as cold diſeaſes. No time to argue, but to execute. Line him with theſe, and linke him to his ſquadrons, and he appeares a moſt rich chaine for Princes.

A Taylor

A Taylor

IS a creature made vp of ſhreds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when hee was rough caſt. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to ſerue God, but to couer ſinne. Other mens pride is his beſt Patron, and their negligence, a maine paſſage to his profit: hee is a thing of more then ordinary iudgement: For by vertue of that, hee buieth land, buildeth houſes and raiſeth the lowe ſet roofe of his croſſe legged Fortune: his actions are ſtrong encounters, and for their notoriouſneſſe alwayes vpon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that it is able to reſiſt them. A tenne groates fee ſetteth them on foote, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution: he handleth the Spaniſh Pike, to the hazard of many poore Egyptian vermins; and

in

in ſhew of his valour, ſcorneth a greater Gantlet, then will couer the toppe of his middle-finger. Of all weapons he moſt affecteth a long Bill, and this he will manage to the great preiudice of a Cuſtomers eſtate. His ſpirit notwithſtanding is not ſo much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barkes, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed ſnow: *Promotheus* was a ſleepe while it was making. He differeth altogether from God; for with him the beſt peeces are ſtill marked out for damnation, and without hope of recouery ſhall be caſt downe into hell. Hee is partly an Alchimiſt; for hee extracteth his owne apparell out of other mens clothes; and when occaſion ſerueth, making a Brokers ſhop his Alembike, can turne your ſilkes into gold, and hauing furniſhed his neceſſities, after a moneth or two, if he be vrg'd vnto it, reduce them againe to their proper ſubſtance

course, he cries out *Councels*. His greatest care is, to contemne obedience, his last care to serue God, handsomely and cleanly. He is now become so crosse a kinde of teaching, that should the Church enioine cleane shirts, he were lowsie: more sense then single praiers is not his; nor more in those, then still the same petitions: from which, hee either feares a learned Faith, or doubts God vnderstands not at first hearing. Shew him a Ring, he runs backe like a Beare and hates square dealing as allied to cappes; a paire of Organs blow him out o'th Parish, and are the only glister-pipes to coole him. Where the meate is best, there hee confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating: good bits hee holds breedes good positions, and the Pope he best concludes against, in Plum-broth. He is often drunk, but not as wee are, temporally, nor can his sleepe then cure him, for the sinnes of his ambition make his very soule reele, and that

ſmall Beere that ſhould allay him (ſilence) keepes him more ſurfeited, and makes his heate breake out in priuate houſes: women and Lawyers are his beſt Diſciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintain forbidden titles, both which he ſowes amongſt them. Honeſt hee dare not be, for that loues order: yet if he can be brought to Ceremony, and made but maſter of it, he is conuerted.

A Whore

IS a hie way to the Diuell, hee that lookes vpon her with deſire, begins his voiage: he that ſtaies to talk with her, mends his pace, and who enioyes her is at his iourneis end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleaſure, daſht ouer with a little decking to holde colour: taſte her ſhe's dead, and falls vpon the pallate; the ſins of other women ſhew

in

in Landſcip, far off and full of ſhadow; hers in Statue, neere hand, and bigger in the life: ſhe prickes betimes, for her ſtocke is white thorne, which cut and grafted on, ſhee growes a Medlar: Her trade is oppoſite to any other, for ſhee ſets vp without credit, and too much cuſtome breakes her; The mony that ſhe gets is like a traitors, giuen onely to corrupt her, and what ſhe gets, ſerues but to pay diſeaſes. She is euer moor'd in ſinne, and euer mending, and after thirty, ſhe is the Chirurgians creature; ſhame and repentance are two ſtrangers to her, and only in an hoſpitall acquainted: ſhe liues a Reprobate, like *Cain*, ſtill branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Iuſtice like a Fellon. The firſt yeare of her trade ſhee is an Eyeſſe ſcratches and cries to draw on more, affection: the ſecond Soare: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fifth, ſhe's an intermewer, preyes for her ſelfe, and ruffles all ſhe reaches; from thence to

tenne ſhee beares the name of white whoore, for then her bloud forſakes her with ſalt Rheumes; and now ſhee has mewd three coates; Now ſhee growes weary and diseas'd together, fauours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and ſcoures to keepe her coole, yet ſtill ſhe takes in ſtones, ſhee fires her ſelfe els: the next remoue is Haggard, ſtil more cunning; and if my art deceiue mee not, more crazie. Al cares and cures are doubled now vpon her, and line her perch, or now ſhe mews her pounces, at all theſe yeares ſhee flies at fooles and kils too: the next is Buſſard Bawde, and there I leaue her.

A very Whore

IS a woman: She enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. She kiſſeth ope-

mouth'd,

mouth'd, and ſpits in the palmes of her hands to make them moiſt. Her eyes are like free-booters liuing vpon the ſpoile of ſtragglers; and ſhe baits her deſires with a million of proſtitute countenances, and entiſements; In the light ſhe liſtneth to Parlies: but in the darke ſhe vnderſtands ſignes beſt. She will ſell her ſmocke for Cuffes, and ſo her ſhooes be fine, ſhe cares not thogh her ſtockings want feet. Her modeſty is curioſitie, and her ſmell is one of her beſt ornaments. She paſſeth not a ſpan breadth. And to haue done, ſhee is the Cooke and the meat dreſſing, her ſelfe all day, to bee taſted with the better appetite at night.

A meere Common Lawyer

IS the beſt ſhadow to make a diſcreet one ſhew the fairer. He is a *Materia prima* informed by reports, actuated

by Statutes, and hath his motion by the fauourable Intelligence of the Court. His Lawe is alwayes furniſht with a Commiſſion to arraigne his Conſcience; but vpon iudgement giuen he vſually ſets it at large. He thinks no language worth knowing, but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that point hee hath beene a long time at warres with *Priſcian* for a Northerne Prouince. He imagines, that by ſuperexcellency his profeſſion only is learning, and that its a profanation of the Temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall Arts be there admitted to offer ſtrange incenſe to her. For indeed hee is all for money. Seuen or eight yeeres ſquires him out, ſome of his Nation leſſe ſtanding: and euer ſince the night of his Call, he forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentia*) enioyes his pickadels. His Landreſſe is then ſhrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; His perpetuall badge. His loue letters of the

the laſt yeere of his Gentlemanſhip are ſtuft with *Diſcontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Vncore priſts*: but now being enabled to ſpeake in proper perſon, hee talkes of a French hood, in ſtead of a Iointure, wages his lawe and ioines iſſue. Then he begins to ſticke his letters in his ground Chamber window; that ſo the ſuperſcription may make his Squire-ſhip tranſparent. His Heraldry giues him place before the Miniſter, becauſe the Law was before the Goſpell. Next Terme hee walkes his hoopſleeue gowne to the Hall; there it proclaimes him. He feedes fat in the Reading, and till it chances to his turn, diſlikes no houſe order ſo much, as that the moneth is ſo contracted to a fortnight. Mongſt his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honor for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had been of his owne houſe. For they, poore ſoules, take Law and Conſcience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learned to frame his Caſes

from putting Riddles and imitating *Merlins* Propheſies, and ſo ſet all the Croſſe-row together by the eares. Yet his whole Lawe is not able to decide *Lucians* one olde controuerſie twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. He accounts no man of his Cap and coate idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life or qualitie for it ſelfe, but for gaine; and that at leaſt, to the ſtating him in a Iuſtice of peaceſhip, which is the firſt quickning ſoule ſuperadded to the elementary and inanimate forme of his new Title. His termes are his wiues vacations. Yet ſhee then may vſurpe diuers Court-dayes, and hath her *Returnes in Menſem*, for writs of entry: often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termes. But in Aſſiſe time (the circuit being long) hee may haue a triall at home againſt him by *Niſi Prius*. No way to heauen, he thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *Weſt-minſter Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it viſit both heauen and hell. Yet then he oft

forgets

forgets his iournies end, although hee looke on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is hee wholly deſtitute of the Arts. *Grammer* he hath, enough to make terminations of thoſe words which his authority hath endenizon'd. *Rhetorike* ſome; but ſo little, that its thought a concealement. *Logike* enough to wrangle. *Arithmetike* enough for the ordinals of his yeere-bookes, and number-rolls: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute againſt it. So much *Geometrie*, that he can aduice in a *Perambulatione facienda*; or a *Rationalibus diuiſis*. In *Aſtronomy* and *Aſtrologie* hee is ſo farre ſeene, that by the *Dominical* letter, he knowes the Holy-dayes, and findes by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will be long and dirtie. Marry, he knowes ſo much in *Muſicke*, that he affects onely the moſt and cunningeſt *Diſcords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*; eſpecially ſong, except *in fine*. His skill in *Perſpectiue* endeauours much to deceiue the eye of the Lawe, and giues

manie

many falſe colours. He is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancie*, (ſuch a kinde as is out of the ſtatute of *Primo*) by raiſing many *dead Queſtions*. What ſufficiency he hath in *Criticiſme*, the fowle Copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the ſame coat, which are much to bee honoured, partake of diuers of his indifferent qualities, but ſo that *Diſcretion*, *Vertue*, and ſometimes other *good learning*, concurrin g and diſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as a foyle, to ſet their worth on.

A meere Scholler.

A *Meere Scholler is an intelligible Aſſe*: or a ſilly fellow in blacke, that ſpeakes Sentences more familiarly then Senſe. The Antiquity of his Vniuerſity is his Creed, and the excellẽcy of his Colledge (though but for a match at Foot-ball) an Article of his faith;

faith: he ſpeakes Latine better then his Mother-tongue; and is a ſtranger in no part of the World, but his own Countrey: he do's vſually tell great ſtories of himſelf to ſmal purpoſe, for they are cõmonly ridiculous, be they true or falſe: his Ambition is, that he either is, or ſhall be a Graduate; but if euer he get a fellowſhip, hee ha's then no fellow. In ſpite of al *Logick* he dare ſweare and maintaine it, that a Cuckold and a Townſ-man are *Termini Conuertibiles*, though his Mothers husband bee an *Alderman*: hee was neuer begotten (as it ſeemes) without much wrangling; for his whole life is ſpent in *Pro & Contra*: his tongue goes alwaies before his wit, like a Gentleman-vſher, but ſomewhat faſter. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap a pea*; witneſſe his horſemanſhip, and the wearing of his weapons: hee is commonly long-winded, able to ſpeak more with eaſe, then any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniuerſity ieſts are his vniuerſall

diſcourſe,

discourse, and his newes the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phrase, the apparell of his mind, is made vp of diuers shreds like a Cushion, and when it goes plainest 't hath a Rash outside, and Fustian linings. The currant of his speech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what euer bee the question, the truth is on his side. Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet he knowes not that hee knowes nothing: hee giues directions for Husbandry from *Virgils Georgicks*; for Cattell from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Aeneiades*, or *Cæsars Commentaries*: hee orders all things by the booke, is skilful in all trades, and thriues in none: he is led more by his eares then his vnderstanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and do's therefore confidently beleeue, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of hereticks, *Rodolphus Agricola*, a substantiall Farmer; and will not sticke to auerre, that *Systema's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill lucke

lucke is not ſo much in being a fooke, as in being put to ſuch pains to expreſſe it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much adoe) is artificiall: his pouerty is his happineſſe, for it makes ſome men beleeue, that hee is none of fortunes fauourites. That learning which he hath, was in Non-age put in backeward like a Gliſter, and 'tis now like Ware miſlayed in a Pedlers packe; a has'it, but knowes not where it is. In a word, hee is the Index of a man, and the Title-page of a Scholler, or a Puritan in mortality, much in profeſſion, nothing in practice.

A Tinker

IS a mooueable: for he hath no abiding place; by his motiõ he gathers heat, thence his chollericke nature. Hee ſeemes to be very deuout, for his life is a continuall Pilgrimage, and ſome-

ſometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making neceſſity a vertue. His houſe is as ancient as *Tubal-Caines*, and ſo is a runnagate by antiquity : yet hee proues himſelfe a Gallant, for hee carries all his wealth vpon his backe ; or a Philoſopher, for he beares all his ſubſtance about him . From his Art was muſicke firſt inuented, and therefore is he alwayes furniſht with a ſong : to which his hammer keeping tune, proues that hee was the firſt founder of the Kettle drumme. Note that where the beſt Ale is, there ſtands his muſicke moſt vpon crochets. The companion of his trauels is ſome foule ſunne-burnt Queane, that ſince the terrible Statute recanted Gypſiſme, and is turned Pedlereſſe. So marches he al ouer England with his bag and baggage. His conuerſation is vnreproueable; for he is euer mending. He obſerues truely the Statutes, and therefore he had rather ſteale then begge, in which he is vnremoueably conſtant in ſpight of whips or impriſon-

priſonment: and ſo ſtrong an enemy to idleneſſe, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three then want work; and when hee hath done, hee throwes the Wallet of his faults behinde him. Hee embraceth naturally ancient cuſtomes, conuerſing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If he viſite Cities or Townes, tis but to deale vpon the imperfections of our weaker veſſels. His tongue is very voluble, which with Canting proues him a *Linguiſt*. Hee is entertain'd in euery place, but enters no further then the doore, to auoid ſuſpicion. Some would take him to be a Coward; but beleeue it, he is a Lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or foure yards long faſtned to a pike in the end for flying off. Hee is very prouident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then alſo he had rather ſubmit then bee counted obſtinate. To conclude, if he ſcape Tiburne and Banbury, he dyes a begger.

An

An Apparatour

IS a Chick of the egge Abuſe, hatcht by the warmth of authority: he is a bird of rapine, and begins to prey, and feather together. He croakes like a Rauen againſt the death of rich men, and ſo gets a Legacy vnbequeth'd: his happineſſe is in the multitude of children, for their increaſe is his wealth; and to that end, hee himſelfe yeerely addes one. He is a cunning hunter, vncoupling his intelligencing hounds, vnder hedges, in thickets, and corn-fields, who follow the chaſe to City-Suburbs, where often his game is at couert: his quiuer hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſiluer arrowes, which hee ſhoots againſt Church-gates, and priuate mens dores, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a paire of ſheeres betweene him and the Purſiuant of Hell, for they both delight in ſin, grow richer

richer by it, and are by iuſtice appointed to puniſh it: onely the Diuell is more cunning, for hee pickes a Liuing out of others gains. His liuing lieth in his eyes, which (like ſpirits) hee ſends through chinckes, and key-holes, to ſuruey the places of darkeneſſe; for which purpoſe, he ſtudieth the opticks, but can diſcouer no colour but blacke, for the pure white of chaſtity dazleth his eyes. Hee is a Catholike, for hee is euery where; and with a Politicke, for he transformes himſelfe into all ſhapes. He trauels on foote to auoid idleneſſe, and loues the Church entirely, becauſe it is the place of his edification. He accounts not all ſinnes mortall; for fornication with him is a veniall ſinne, and to take bribes, a matter of charitie: he is collector for burnings, and loſſes at Sea, and in caſting account, can readily ſubſtract the leſſer from the greater ſumme. Thus liues he in a golden age, till death by a proceſſe, ſummons him to appeare.

An Almanacke-maker

IS the worſt part of an Aſtronomer: a creature compact of figures, characters, and cyphers: out of which he ſcores the fortune of a yeere, not ſo profitably as doubtfully. Hee is tenant by cuſtome to the Planets, of whom he holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe parol: to them he payes yeerely rent, his ſtudie, and time; yet lets them out again (with all his heart) for 40. s. *per annum*. His life is meerely contemplatiue: for his practiſe, tis woorth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit: & (if by chance) he purchaſe any, hee loſeth it againe at the yeares end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Tycho-Brache* are his patrons, whoſe volumes he vnderſtands not, but admires: and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to bee credited, then controul'd. His life is vpright, for he is alwaies looking vpward,

vpward; yet dares beleeue nothing aboue *Primum mobile*, for tis out of the reach of his *Iacobs Staffe*. His charity extends no further then to Mountebanks and Sow-gelders, to whom hee bequeathes the ſeaſons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verſes in his Book haue a worſe pace then euer had *Rocheſter* Hackney: for his Proſe, 'tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes, and may ſerue for an Almanacke: but for his iudging at the vncertainty of weather, any old Shepheard ſhall make a Dunce of him. He would be thought the diuels intelligencer for ſtoln goods: if euer he ſteale out of that quality, as a flie turnes to a Maggot, ſo the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empiricke: his workes flye forth in ſmall volumes, yet not all, for many ride poſt to Chaundlers and Tobacco ſhops in Folio. To be briefe, he fals three degrees ſhort of his promiſes yet is hee the Key to vnlocke Termes, and Law-dayes, a dumbe *Mercury* to

point out high-wayes, and a Bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next yeere; for what hee will be then, hee himſelfe knowes not.

An Hypocrite

IS a guilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall diſhoneſty*, and *Artificiall diſſimulation*. *Simple Fruit*, *Plant* or *Drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Euill Nature*, and *falſe Art*, by a monſtrous *generation*; and may well be put into the reckoning of thoſe creatures that God neuer made. In *Church*, or *Common-wealth*, (for in both theſe this *Mongrell-weed* will ſhoote) it is hard to ſay whether he be *Phyſicke* or a *Diſeaſe*: for he is both in diuers reſpects.

As he is gilt with an out-ſide of *Seeming purity*, or as he offreth himſelfe to you

you to be taken downe in a cup or taſte of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicity*, you may call him *Phyſicke*. Nay, and neuer let *potion* giue *Patient* good ſtoole, it being truely taſted and reliſht, hee be not as loathſome to the ſtomake of any honeſt man.

He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for vſe, as he is odious in taſte, if the *Body* of the *company* into which he is taken, can make true vſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like dangerous*, in taking aduantage, of any thing done, or ſayd: yea, euen to the ruine of his makers, if he may haue benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſociety makes men as carefull of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a known Cut-purſe in a throng, makes them watchfull ouer their purſes and pockets: he is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſicke, that his conuerſation being once truely taſted and diſcouered, the hatefull foulneſſe of it will make thoſe that are not fully like him,

to purge all ſuch Diſeaſes as are ranke in him, out of their owne liues; as the ſight of ſome Citizens on horſe-backe, makes a iudicious man amend his own faults in horſemanſhip. If none of theſe vſes can be made of him, let him not long offend the ſtomacke of your companie; your beſt way is to ſpue him out. That he is a Diſeaſe in the body where hee liueth, were as ſtrange a thing to doubt, as whether there be knauery in Horſe-courſers. For, if amongſt ſheep, the rot; amongſt Dogs, the mange; amongſt Horſes, the glanders; amongſt Men and Women, the Northern itch, and the French Ache bee diſeaſes; an Hypocrite cannot but be the like in all States and Societies that breede him. If he be a Cleargy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is, for the moſt part, ſo proper to him, as hee will grudge anie man the practiſe of it but himſelfe; like that graue Burgeſſe, who being deſired to lend his cloathes to repreſent a part in a Comedy, anſwered; *No, by his leaue,*

leaue, hee would haue no body play the foole in his cloathes but himselfe. Hence are his so austere reprehēsions of drinking healths, lasciuious talke, vsury and vnconscionable dealing; when as himself hating the profane mixture of malt & water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape, when he can get it of anothers cost: But this must not bee done neither, without a preface of seeming lothnesse, turning vp the eyes, mouing the head, laying hand on the brest, and protesting that he would not do it, but to strengthen his body, being euen cōsumed with dissembled zeale, and tedious and thankelesse babbling to God and his Auditors. And for the other vices, doe but venture the making your selfe priuate with him, or trusting of him, & if you come off without a sauor of the aire which his soule is infected with, you haue great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you shall commonly see carryed vpon the

backe of theſe two beaſts, that liue within him, *Ignorance*, and *Impertinenſſe*: and they may well ſerue to carrie other vices, for of themſelues they are inſupportable. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all Science, humane or diuine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy, or ſincere, but the ſenſeleſſe collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his inflamed ſpirit, and the endleſſe labours of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words faile, (as they often doe) muſt be patched vp, to accompliſh his foure houres in a day at the leaſt, with long and feruent *hummes*. Any thing elſe, either for language or matter hee cannot abide, but thus cenſureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beaſt*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherein the *Heathen Poets* wrot their fictions; *Hebrue* the ſpeech of the *Iewes*, that crucified *Chriſt*: *Controuerſies* doe not edifie, *Logicke* and *Philoſophy*, are the ſubtilties of *Sathan*, to deceiue

ceiue the *Simple*, Humane ſtories *profane*, and not ſauouring of the *Spirit*; In a word, al decent and ſenſible forme of Speech and perſwaſion (though in his owne tongue) vaine *Oſtentation*. And all this is the burthen of his Ignorance: ſauing that ſometimes *Idleneſſe* will put in alſo, to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *Beaſt Imperiouſneſſe*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carrieth a burthen, that no cords of *Authoritie*, *Spirituall*, nor *Temporall* ſhould binde, if it might haue the full ſwinge: No *Pilate*, no *Prince* ſhould command him: Nay, hee will command them, and at his pleaſure cenſure them, if they will not ſuffer their eares to bee fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purſes to bee emptied with the inundations of his vnſatiable humor, and their iudgements to bee blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance*. For this doth he familiarly inſult ouer his *Maintainer* that breeds him,

him, his *Patrone* that feedes him, and in time ouer all them that will ſuffer him to ſet a foote within their doores, or put a finger in their purſes. All this, and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees*, & *Vniuerſities*, as reliques of *Superſtition*, hath leapt from a Shop-bord, or a Cloke-bag, to a Deske, or Pulpit, and that like a Sea god in a *Pageant*, hath the roten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, couered ouer with the painted cloth of a pure gowne, and a night-cap; and with a falſe Trumpet of *Fained-zeale*, draweth after him ſome poore *Nymphes* and *Madmen*, that delight more to reſort to darke Caues and ſecret places, then to open and publike aſſemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Diſciple* and *Subiect*; and will not acknowledge the Tithe of the *Subiection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will do to the hooke & crooke of his zeale-blinde Shepheard. No *Ieſuites* demand more blinde and abſo-

lute

lute obedience from their vaſſals; no Magiſtrates of the *Canting* ſocietie, more ſlauiſh ſubiection from the members of that trauelling ſtate, then the Clerke *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay Pupils. Nay, they muſt not onely be obeyed, fedde, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay followers doe as ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſſe fellow with a Cudgell vnder his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballet-ſinger*; a *Water-bearer* on the floore of a *Play-houſe*, a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that ſpeaks nothing but bladders and bumbaſte. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion, nature and Art, inward and outward, they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies*: they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge*: All puritie, no humanity; all ſimplicitie, no honeſtie: and if you neuer truſt them, they will neuer deceiue you.

A Maquer-

A Maquerela, in plain Engliſh, a Bawd

IS an olde *Char-cole* that hath beene burnt her ſelfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole greene Coppice. The burden of her ſong, is like that of *Fryer Bacons* Head; *Time is, Time was, and Time is paſt*: in repeating which, ſhe makes a wicked brazen face, & weepes in the Cup, to allay the heate of her *Aqua vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out; mary her Noſe, and Chin, intend very ſhortly to be friends and meete about it. Her yeeres are ſixty and odde: that ſhe accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawde* is like a Medlar, ſhee's not ripe, till ſhee be rotten. Her enuie is like that of the Diuell; To haue all faire women like her: and becauſe it is impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhee hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in it are Raſcall:

Raſcall : yet poore Cottagers in the Countrey (that know her but by heare ſay) thinke well of her ; for what ſhe incloſes to day, ſhe makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelfe are all remou'd in one ſort, onely ſhee makes bold to take the vpper hand of them, and to be Carted before them ; the thought of which , makes her ſhee cannot endure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in minde of a Baſon. She ſits continually at a rackt Rent : eſpecially, if her *Landlord* beare office in the Pariſh: for her moueables in the houſe ; (beſides her quicke cattell) they are not worth an *Inuentory* , onely her beds are moſt commonly in print : ſhee can eaſily turne a ſempſtreſſe , into a waiting gentlewoman, but her Warde-robe is moſt infectious , for it brings them to the *Falling-ſickneſſe :* ſhe hath only this one ſhew of *Temperance*, that let a Gentleman ſend fot tenne pottles of wine in her houſe , hee ſhall haue but tenne quarts ; and if he want it that way, let him

him pay for't, and take it out in ſtewde prunes. The Iuſtices Clarke ſtands many times her very good friend: and workes her peace with the *Iuſtice* of *Quorum*. Nothing ioyes her ſo much as the comming ouer of *Strangers*, nor daunts her ſo much as the approach of Shroue-tueſday. In fine, not to foule more paper with ſo foule a ſubiect, hee that hath paſt vnder her, hath paſt the *Equinoctiall*; Hee that hath ſcap't her, hath ſcap't worſe then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maide,

SHe is her Miſtreſſes ſhe Secretary, and keeps the box of her teeth, her haire, & her painting, very priuat. Her induſtry is vp-ſtaires, and downe-ſtaires like a drawer: and by her drie hand you may know ſhe is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhe lie at her Maſters beds feet, ſhe is quit of the *Greene-ſickneſſe* for euer.

uer; For ſhee hath terrible dreames when ſhe is awake, as if ſhe were troubled with the *night Mare*. She hath a good liking to dwell ith Countrey, but ſhe holds *London*, the goodlieſt Forreſt in *England*, to ſhelter a great *Bellie*. She reades *Greenes* workes ouer and ouer, but is ſo carried away with the *Mirrour of knighthood*, ſhe is manytimes reſolu'd to run out of her ſelfe, and become a Lady Errant. If ſhee catch a clap, ſhe deuides it ſo equally betweene the Maſter and the Seruingman, as if ſhe had cut out the getting of it by a Threed: onely the knaue *Sumner* makes her bowle bootie, and ouer-reach the Maſter. The pedant of the houſe, though he promiſe her Marriage, cannot grow further inward with her, ſhe hath paid for her credulity often, & now growes wearie. Shee likes the forme of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tied to anſwere to any Articles, concerning queſtion of her virginitie: Her minde, her body, and Clothes,

are

are parcels loosely tackt together, and for want of good vtterance, she perpetually laughes out her meaning. Her Mistris and shee helpe to make away *Time*, to the idlest purpose that can be, either for loue or money. In briefe, these *Chambermaides* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

A Precisian.

TO speake no otherwise of this *varnisht Rottennes*, then in truth & verity he is, I must define him to be a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctitie, and mentall impietie; a faire obiect to the eye, but starke naught for the vnderstanding: or else a violent thing, much giuen to contradiction. Hee will bee sure to bee in opposition with the *Papist*, though it bee sometimes accompanied with an absurditie; like

like the Ilanders neere adioyning vnto *China*, who ſalute by putting off their ſhooes, becauſe the men of *China* do it by their hats. If at any time hee faſt, it is vpon Sunday, and he is ſure to feaſt vpon Friday. He can better afford you tenne lies, then one oath, and dare commit any ſinne gilded with a pretence of ſanctitie. He will not ſticke to commit fornication or Adulterie, ſo it be done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can finde in his heart to lie with any whore, ſaue the whore of *Babylon*. To ſteale he holds it lawfull, ſo it bee from the wicked and *Egyptians*. He had rather ſee *Antichriſt*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuſeth ſooner to be halfe hanged, then ſee a legge at the name of *IESVS*, or one ſtand at the *Creede*. He conceiues his prayer in the kitchin, rather then in the Church, and is of ſo good diſcourſe, that hee dares challenge the *Almighty*, to talke with him *ex tempore*. He thinks euery

Organiſt is in the ſtate of damnation, and had rather heare one of *Robert Wiſedoms pſalmes*, then the beſt *Hymne* a *Cherubin* can ſing. He will not breake winde without an *Apologie*, or asking forgiueneſſe, nor kiſſe a Gentlewoman for feare of luſting after her. He hath nicknamde all the Prophets and Apoſtles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally, he is ſo ſure of his ſaluation, that he will not change places in heauen, with the *Virgin Mary*, without boote.

An Innes of Court man.

HE is diſtinguiſhed from a Scholler by a payre of ſilke ſtockings, and a Beauer Hat, which makes him contemne a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a Scholemaſter. By that he hath heard one mooting, and ſeen two plaies, hee thinks as baſely of the

Vniuerſity,

Vniuerſity, as a young *Sophiſter* doth of the *Grammar-ſchoole*. Hee talkes of the *Vniuerſitie*, with that ſtate, as if he were her Chancellour; findes fault with alterations, and the fall of *Diſcipline*, with an *It was not ſo when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yeare. Hee will talke ends of *Latine*, though it be falſe, with as great confidence, as euer *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his beſt authours for't, bee *Tauernes* and *Ordinaries*. Hee is as farre behinde a *Courtier* in his faſhion, as a ſcholler is behinde him: and the beſt grace in his behauiour, is to forget his *acquaintance*.

Hee laughes at euery man whoſe Band ſits not well, or that hath not a faire-ſhooty, and he is aſhamed to be ſeene in any mans company that weares not his cloathes well. His very eſſence hee placeth in his outſide, and his chiefeſt prayer is, that his reuenues may hold out for Taffata cloakes in the Summer, and veluet in the Winter.

For his recreation, hee had rather go to a Citizens Wife, then a Bawdy-house, only to saue charges: and hee holds Fee-taile to bee absolutely the best Tenure. To his acquaintance hee offers two quarts of wine, for one hee giues. You shall neuer see him melancholie, but when hee wants a newe Suite, or feares a Seriant: At which times only he betakes himselfe to *Ployden*. By that hee hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Licurgus*, and *Iustinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe-iusticcs*.

A meere Fellow of an House.

HE is one whose Hopes commõly exceed his fortunes,& whose mind soares aboue his purse. If he hath read *Tacitus*, *Guicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contẽnes the *late Lord Treasurer*, for all the State-policie hee had;

had; and laughes to think what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now aliue. Hee neuer weares newe cloathes, but againſt a commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behinde the faſhion. Hee hath ſworne to ſee *London* once a yeare, though all his buſines be to ſee a play, walke a turne in *Paules*, and obſerue the faſhion. Hee thinkes it a diſcredit to bee out of debt, which hee neuer likely cleeres, without reſignation money. He will not leaue his part hee hath in the priuiledge ouer yong Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: Hee prayes as hartily for a Sealing, as a *Cormorant* doth for a deare yeare: yet commonly hee ſpends that reuenue before he receiues it.

At meales, he ſits in as great ſtate ouer his *Penny Commons*, as euer *Vitellius* did at his greateſt banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If he be a leader of a *Faction*, hee thinkes himſelfe greater then euer *Cæſar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And he had rather looſe an Inheritance then an Office, when he ſtands for it.

If he be to trauell, hee is longer furniſhing himſelfe for a fiue miles iourney, then a ſhip is rigging for a ſeuen yeares voiage. Hee is neuer more troubled, then when he is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein he commits more abſurdities, then a clowne in eating of an egge.

Hee thinkes himſelfe as fine when he is in a cleane Band, and a new paire of ſhooes, as any Courtier doth, when he is firſt in a New-faſhion.

Laſtly, hee is one that reſpects no man in the *Vniuerſitie*, and is reſpected by no man out of it.

A worthy Commander in the Warres,

IS one that accounts learning the nouriſhment of military vertue, and layes that as his firſt foundation. He neuer bloudies his ſword but in heat of battell; and had rather ſaue one of his owne Souldiers, then kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, and ſuſpected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding therfore of the deſeruer arriues ſo timely, that his liberality can neuer be ſayd to be gouty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can be an honeſt man, and dare die in't. Hee doth not think his body yeelds a more ſpreading ſhadowe after a victory then before, and when he lookes vpon his enemies dead body, tis with a kinde of noble heauineſſe, not inſultation; hee is ſo honourably mercifull to women in

ſurpriſall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes the hazards of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies, are Souldiers beſt Theaters, and ſtriues to gain reputation not by the multitude, but by the greatnes of his actions. He is the firſt in giuing the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foot. Equall toile he endures with the Common Souldier, from his example they all take fire as one Torch lights many. He vnderſtands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the firſt, and leaſt fault beeing ſufficient to ruine an Army: faults therfore he pardons none, they that are preſidents of diſorder or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Iuſtice*. Beſiege him neuer ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the aire is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned aſwell to make vſe of a victory as to get it, and in purſuing his enemy like a whirlewinde carries all afore him; beeing aſſured if euer a man will benefit himſelfe vpon his foe, then is the time,

when

when they haue loſt force, wiſedome, courage and reputation. The goodneſſe of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motiue to his valour; neuer is hee knowne to ſlight the weakeſt enemy that comes arm'd againſt him in the hand of *Iuſtice*. Haſty and ouermuch heat he accounts the *Step-dame* to all great actions, that wil not ſuffer them to thriue; if he cānot ouercome his *enemy* by force, he does it by *Tyme*. If euer hee ſhake hands with warre, hee can die more calmely then moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers haue been as it were ſo many meditations of death; hee thinks not out of his owne calling, when he accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap a pea*. He vtters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horſebacke. He caſts a ſmiling cōtempt vpon *Calumnie*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adamant*. Hee thinks warre is neuer to be giuen ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute

ſolute *victory*, or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly, when peace folds him vp, his ſiluer head ſhould leane neere the golden Scepter, and die in his *Princes* boſome.

A vaine-glorious Coward in command,

IS one that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter, he loues a life dead payes, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his Company by the ſcuruy, then by a battell. View him at a muſter, and he goes with ſuch noiſe, as if his body were the wheelebarrow that carried his iudgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe define betweene *Pride* and noble *Courteſie* : hee that ſalutes him not as far as a Piſtol carries leuell, giues him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. He traines by the booke,

booke, and reckons ſo many poſtures of the Pike and Musket, as if hee were counting at Noddy. When hee comes at firſt vpon a Camiſado, he lookes like the foure winds in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the very firſt onſet ſuffers feare & trembling to dreſſe themſelues in his face apparantly. He ſcornes any man ſhould take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, hee hath bene ſo humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. Hee is ſo ſure armed for taking hurt, that he ſeldome does any: and while hee is putting on his Armes, he is thinking what ſumme hee can make to ſatisfie his ranſome. He will raile openly againſt all the great *commanders* of the aduerſe party, yet in his owne conſcience allowes them for better men: ſuch is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities, it makes him thinke better of another man then himſelfe. The firſt part of him that is ſet a running, is his

Eye-

Eye-ſight: when that is once ſtruck with terrour, all the *Coſtiue Phyſicke* in the world cannot ſtay him; if euer he doe any thing beyond his own heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and he is the firſt kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate,

TRuely defined, is a *Bold Traitour*, for hee fortifies a caſtle againſt the king. Giue him Sea-room in neuer ſo ſmall a veſſell; and like a witch in a ſieue, you would think he were going to make merry with the Diuell. Of all callings his is the moſt deſperate, for he wil not leaue off his theeuing, thogh he be in a narrow priſon, and looke euery day (by tempeſt or fight) for execution. He is one plague the Diuell hath added, to make the Sea more terrible then a ſtorme; and his heart is ſo hardned in that rugged element, that hee cannot

cannot repent, though hee view his graue (before him) continually open: he hath ſo little his own, that the houſe he ſleepes in is ſtolne; all the neceſſities of life hee filches, but one: hee cannot ſteale a ſound ſleepe, for his troubled conſcience: hee is very gentle to thoſe vnder him, yet his rule is the horribleſt tyranny in the world: for hee giues licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty in his owne example: what he gets, is ſmall vſe to him, only liues by it, (ſomwhat the longer) to do a little more ſeruice to his belly; for he throwes away his treaſure vpon the ſhore in riot, as if he caſt it into the Sea. Hee is a *cruell Hawke* that flies at all but his own kind: and as a *whale* neuer comes aſhore, but when ſhe is wounded; ſo hee, very ſeldome but for his neceſſities. Hee is the *Merchants booke*, that ſerues onely to reckon vp his loſſes; *a perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea*, & the *Earth-quake of the Exchange*. Yet for all this giue him but his pardon

and

and forgiue him reſtitution, hee may liue to know the inſide of a Church, and die on this ſide Wapping.

An ordinarie Fencer

IS a fellow, that beſide ſhauing of Cudgels, hath a good inſight into the world, for hee hath long beene beaten to it. Fleſh and blood hee is like other men; but ſurely Nature meant him *Stocke-fiſh*: his and a Dancing-ſchoole are inſeparable adiuncts; and are bound, though both ſtinke of ſweat moſt abominably, neither ſhall complaine of annoyance: three large Bauins ſet vp his trade, with a bench; which (in the vacation of the afternoone) hee vſes for his day-bed; for a firkin to piſſe in, he ſhall bee allowed that, by thoſe make *Allom*: when hee comes on the Stage, at his Prize, hee makes a leg ſeuen ſeuerall wayes, and ſcrambles

ſcrambles for money, as if he had been borne at the *Bathe* in *Sommerſet-ſhire*: at his challenge hee ſhewes his mettall; for contrary to all rules of Phyſicke, he dare bleed, though it be in the Dog-daies: hee teaches *Diueliſh* play in's Schoole, but when he fights himſelfe, he doth it in the feare of a good Chriſtian. He compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when hee hath brought the buſines to a good vpſhot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldome aboue ſkin deep; for an inward bruſe, Lamb-ſtones and ſweet-breads are his only *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart faſting: ſtrange Schoolemaſters they are, that euery day ſet a man as farre backward as he went forward; and throwing him into a ſtrange poſture, teach him to threſh *ſatisfaction* out of *iniurie*. One ſigne of a good nature is, that he is ſtill open breſted to his friends; for his foile, and his doublet, weare not aboue two buttons: and reſolute he is, for he

ſo

ſo much ſcornes to take blowes, that he neuer weares *Cuffes*: and he liues better contented with a little, then other men; for if he haue two eyes in's head, hee thinks Nature hath ouerdone him. The Lord Maiors triumph makes him a man, for that's his beſt time to flouriſh. Laſtly, theſe Fencers are ſuch things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more Letters then only to read their Patent.

A Puny-clarke.

HE is tane from *Grammar-ſchoole* halfe codled, and can hardly ſhake off his dreames of breeching in a twelue-month. He is a Farmers ſonne, and his Fathers vtmoſt ambition is to make him an *Atturney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greaſes his breeches extreamely with feeding without a napkin. He ſtudies falſe dice

to

to cheat Coſtermongers, and is moſt chargeable to the Butler of ſome *Inne of Chancerie*, for piſſing in their greene pots. He eats Ginger bread at a Play-houſe; and is ſo ſawcy, that he ventures fairely for a broken pate at the banqueting houſe, and hath it. Hee would neuer come to haue any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how hee ſhall ſhift another day. He prayes hotly againſt faſting; and ſo he may ſup well on friday nights, he cares not though his Maſter be a Puritan. He practiſes to make the words in his *Declaration* ſpread, as a Sewer doth the diſhes at a Niggards table; a Clarke of a ſwooping *Daſh*, is as commendable as a Flanders horſe of a large taile. Though you bee neuer ſo much delay'd, you muſt not call his Maſter knaue; that makes him goe beyond himſelfe and write a challenge in Court hand; for it may bee his owne another day. Theſe are ſome certaine of his liberall faculties: but in the

Terme time his *Clag* is a *Buckram bag*. Laſtly, which is great pittie hee neuer comes to his full growth, with bearing on his ſhoulder the ſinnefull burden of his Maſter at ſeuerall Courts in *Weſtminſter*.

A Foot-man

LEt him be neuer ſo well made, yet his Legs are not matches, for hee is ſtill ſetting the beſt foot forward. Hee will neuer be a ſtayd man, for hee has had a running head of his owne, euer ſince his childhood. His mother (which, out of queſtion, was a light heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him run his race, thinking age would reclaime him from his wilde courſes. He is very long winded; and, without doubt, but that he hates naturally to ſerue on horſ-backe, hee had prooued an excellent trumpet. He has one happineſſe aboue

all

all the reſt of the Seruingmen, for when he moſt ouer-reaches his Maſter, hee's beſt thought of. Hee liues more by his owne heat then the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greateſt fancy to him when hee is in his cloſe trouſes. Gards hee weares none; which makes him liue more vpright then any croſſe gartered Gentleman-vſher. Tis impoſſible to draw his pricture to the life, cauſe a man muſt take it as he's running, only this; Horſes are vſually let bloud on S. *Steuens* day: on S. *Patrickes* he takes reſt, and is drencht for all the yeere after.

A noble and retir'd Houſe-keeper,

IS one whoſe bounty is limited by *reaſon*, not *oſtentation*: and to make it laſt, he deales it diſcreetely, as wee ſowe the *furrow*, not by the ſacke, but

by the handfull. His word and his meaning neuer ſhake hands and part, but alway goe together. Hee can ſuruay good, and loue it, and loues to doe it himſelfe, for it owne ſake, not for thankes. Hee knowes there is no ſuch miſerie as to out-liue good name; nor no ſuch folly as to put it in practiſe. His minde is ſo ſecure, that *thunder* rockes him aſleepe, which breakes other mens ſlumbers: *Nobility* lightens in his eyes; and in his face and geſture is painted, *The God of Hoſpitalitie*. His great houſes beare in their front more durance, then ſtate; vnleſſe this adde the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to outlaſt much of our new phantaſticall building. His *heart* neuer growes old, no more then his *memory*: whether at his booke, or on horſebacke, he paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath he only *yeeres*, to approue he hath liued till hee bee old, but *vertues*. His thoughts haue a *high aime*, though

their

their dwelling be in the *Vale of an humble heart*; whence, as by an *Engine* that raiſes water to fall, that it may riſe the higher) hee is heightned in his humilitie. The *Adamant* ſerues not for all Seas, but his doth; for hee hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and ſounded all her *quick-ſands*. He hath this hand ouer *Fortune*, that her iniuries, how violent or ſudden ſoeuer, they do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to liue or die, he can do both nobly: if to fall, his diſcent is breaſt to breaſt with vertue; and euen then, like the *Sunne* neere his Set, he ſhewes vnto the world his *cleareſt countenance*.

* * *

An Intruder into fauor

IS one that builds his reputation on others infamy : for ſlaunder is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Iniuſtice*. An inflexible anger againſt ſome poore ſutor, hee falſly calles a *Couragious conſtancy*, and thinks the beſt part of grauity to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead : hee is the moſt ſlauiſhly ſubmiſſe, though enuious to thoſe are in better place then himſelfe; and knowes the Art of wordes ſo well, that (for ſhrowding diſhonoſtie vnder a faire pretext) hee ſeemes to preſerue mud in Chryſtalk. Like a man of a kinde nature, hee is firſt good to himſelfe : in the next file, to his French Taylor, that giues him all his perfection: for indeed, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers are more worth then his body. If euer hee doe

good

good deede (which is very ſeldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, leaſt it ſhould die forgotten. His whole body goes all vpon *ſcrewes*, and his face is the *vice* that moues them. If his *Patron* be giuen to muſicke, hee opens his choppes, and *ſings*, or with a wrie necke falles to tuning his inſtrument: if that faile hee takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. Hee followes the mans fortune, not the man: ſeeking thereby to increaſe his owne. Hee pretends, he is moſt vndeſeruedly enuied, and cryes out remembring the game, *Cheſſe*, that a Pawne before a King is moſt playd on. Debts he owes none but ſhrewd turnes, and thoſe hee payes ere he be ſued. He is a flattering *Glaſſe* to conceale age and wrinckles. He is *Mountaines Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, giues you backe his face; but comne once to the top, hee holds his noſe vp into the winde, and ſhewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter

ſhewes on him, as if the Sunne ſhone in a puddle; for he is a ſmall wine that will not laſt, and when he is falling, hee goes of himſelfe faſter then miſery can driue him.

A faire and happy Milke-mayd

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo far from making her ſelfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face Phyſick* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies ſtand in her, ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne vpon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her ſelfe) is farre better then outſides of *Tiſſew*: for though ſhe be not arrayed in the ſpoile of the *Silke worme*, ſhee is deckt in *innocence*, a far better wearing. Shee doth not, with lying long a bed,

ſpoile,

ſpoile both her *complexion* and *Conditi-ons*; nature hath taught her, too *Immo-derate ſleepe is ruſt to the Soule*: ſhe riſes therefore with *Chaunticleare*, her Dames Cocke, and at night makes the *Lambe* her *Courſew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtrayning the Teates through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milke-preſſe makes the Milke the whiter, or ſweeter; for neuer came *Almond Glowe* or *Aromatique Oyntment* on her Palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kiſſe her feete when ſhe reapes them, as if they wiſht to be bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand fell'd them. Her breath is her owne, which ſents all the yeere long of *Iune*, like a new made Hay-cocke. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pitty: and when winter euenings fall earely (ſitting at her merry wheele) ſhee ſings a defiance to the giddy *Wheele of Fortune*. Shee doth all things with ſo ſweete a grace, it ſeemes *Ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill.

being

being her minde is to doe well. Shee bestowes her yeeres wages at next faire: and in chooſing her Garments, counts no brauery i'th' world like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hiue* are all her *Phyſicke* and *Chyrurgery*, and ſhe liues the longer for't. Shee dare goe alone, and vnfold ſheepe i'th' night, & feares no manner of ill, becauſe ſhee meanes none; yet to ſay truth, ſhee is neuer alone, for ſhee is ſtill accompanied with old *ſongs*, *honeſt thoughts* and *prayers*, but ſhort ones; yet they haue their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with inſuing idle cogitations. Laſtly, her dreames are ſo chaſte, that ſhe dare tell them: onely a Frydayes dreame is all her *ſuperſtition*: that ſhee conceales for feare of anger. Thus liues ſhe, and all her care is, ſhee may dye in the *Spring-time*, to haue ſtore of flowers ſtucke vpon her winding ſheet.

An Arrant Horſe-courſer

HAth the tricke to blow vp horſe-fleſh, as a Butcher doth Veale, which ſhall waſh out againe in twice riding twixt *Waltham* & *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayed long ſince, but for this vngodly tyre-man: he is curſt all ouer the foure ancient high-wayes of England; none but the blind men that ſell ſwitches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with ſo many Diſeaſes, one would thinke moſt part about Smithfield were an Hoſpitall for Horſes, or a ſlaughter-houſe for the common hunt. Let him furniſh you with a Hackney, tis as much as if the Kings Warrant ouer-tooke you within ten miles to ſtay your iourney. And though a man cannot ſay he cozens you directly; yet any Oſtler within ten miles, ſhould hee be

be brought vpon his Booke-oath, will affirme hee hath layd a baite for you. Reſolue when you firſt ſtretch your ſelfe in the ſtirrops, you are put as it were vpon ſome Vſurer, that will neuer beare with you paſt his day. Hee were good to make one that had the Colliek alight often, and (if example will cauſe him) make vrine; let him onely for that ſay, *Gr'amercy Horſe.* For his ſale of horſes, he hath falſe couers for all manner of Diſeaſes, onely comes ſhort of one thing (which hee deſpaites not vtterly to bring to perfection) to make a Horſe goe on a woodden legge and two crutches: For powdring his eares with Quickſiluer, and giuing him ſuppoſitories of liue Eeles hee's expert. All the while you are a cheapning he fears you will not bite; but he laughs in his ſleeue when hee hath cozened you in earneſt. French men are his beſt Chapmen, he keepes amblers for them on purpoſe, and knowes hee can deceiue them very eaſily. Hee is ſo conſtant to his Trade, that

that while he is awake, he tires any man he talkes with, and when hee's asleepe he dreames very fearfully of the pauing of Smithfield, for hee knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy.

HIs life is a meere counterfet Patent: which neuertheleſſe, makes many a Countrey Iuſtice tremble. *Don Quixotes water Milles* are ſtill Scotch Bagpipes to him. Hee ſendes Challenges by word of mouth: for hee proteſts (as hee is a Gentleman and a brother of the Sword) hee can neither write nor read. Hee hath run through diuers parcels of Land and great houſes, beſide both the Counters. If anie priuate Quarrell happen among our great Courtiers, he proclaimes the *buſineſſe*, thats the word, the *buſineſſe*; as if all the vnited forces of the *Romiſh Catholickes*

tholickes were making vp for *Germanie*. Hee cheats young Guls that are newly come to Towne, and when the Keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, hee answers him in his own Profession, that a *Woodcocke* must bee pluckt ere he bee dreſt. Hee is a *Superuiſor* to Brothels, & in them a more vnlawfull reformer of vice, then Prentiſes on Shroue-tueſday. Hee loues his Friend, as a Counſeller at Law loues the veluet Breeches he was firſt made Barreſter in, hee'll be ſure to weare him thread-bare ere hee forſake him. He ſleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his firſt prayer i'th' morning is, hee may remember whom he fell out with ouer-night. *Soldier* hee is none, for hee cannot diſtinguiſh 'tweene *Onion ſeede* and *Gunpowder*: if hee haue worne it in his hollow tooth for the Tooth-ach, and ſo come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an eſtate at Will; and thats borrowing. Land-lords haue but foure

Quarter-

Quarter-dayes; but hee three hundred and odde. Hee keepes very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckoning*: and when he goes not drunke to bed, hee is very ſick next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I haue heard of ſome (that haue ſcap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, only to deterre men from taking *Tobacco*.

A drunken Dutch-man reſident in England

IS but Quarter Maſter with his Wife. Hee ſtinkes of Butter, as if hee were noynted all ouer for the Itch. Let him come ouer neuer ſo leane, and plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houſes in S. *Catherines*, and hee'll bee puft vp to your hand like a bloate Herring. Of all places of pleaſure, hee loue

loues a Common Garden. and (with the Swine of the Pariſh) had neede be ringed for rooting. Next to theſe hee affects Lotteries naturally; and bequeathes the beſt prize in his Will afore-hand; when his hopes fall, hee's blancke. They ſwarme in great Tenements like flies: ſixe Houſe-holds will liue in a Garret. Hee was wont (onely to make vs fooles) to buy the Foxe skin for three pence, and ſell the taile for a ſhilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mad men. He loues a Welch-man extreamly for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for plurality of conſonants and cheeſe. Like a Horſe, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when hee's drunke, you may thruſt your hand into him like an Eele skinne, and ſtrip him his inſide outwards. Hee hoordes vp faire gold, and pretends tis to ſeethe in his Wiues broath for a conſumption, and loues the memory of King *Henry* the 8. moſt eſpecially for his old Soueraigns.

He

He saies wee are vnwise to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatsoeuer, hee desires no other thing in the world, then Barrells and Hoppoles. To conclude, the onely two plagues he trembles at, is small Beere, and the Spanish Inquisition.

A Phantastique.

An Improuident young Gallant,

THere is a confederacy betweene him and his Clothes, to be made a puppy: view him well, & you'll say his Gentry sits as ill vpon him, as if he had bought it with his pēny. He hath more places to send mony to, then the Diuell hath to send his Spirits: and to furnish each Mistrisse, would make him runne beside his wits, if hee had any to

loſe. Hee accounts baſhfulneſſe the wicked'ſt thing in the world; and therfore ſtudies Impudence. If all men were of his mind, al honeſty would be out of faſhion: he withers his cloathes on the Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to do his ſutes in Birchin-lane; & when the Play is done, if you marke his riſing, tis with a kinde of walking Epilogue betweene the two candles, to knowe if his Suite may paſſe for currant: he ſtudies by the diſcretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboone: three ſuch would keep three the nimbleſt Barbers i'th'towne, from euer hauing leaſure to weare net-Garters: for whē they haue to do with him they haue many Irons i'th'fire. He is trauelled, but to little purpoſe; only went ouer for a ſquirt, and came back againe yet neuer the more mended in his conditions, cauſe he carried himſelfe along with him: a Scholler he pretends himſelfe, and ſaies he hath ſweat for it: but the truth is, he knowes *Cornelius*+, farre better then *Tacitus*: his ordinary ſports are

+ Dolium Cornelianum. i.e the powdering tub, for the cure of the venereal disease.

are Cock-fights, but the moſt frequent horſe races, from whence hee comes home drie foundred. Thus when his purſe hath caſt her calfe, he goes down into the country, where he is brought to milke and white cheeſe like the *Switzers*.

A Button-maker of Amſterdam,

IS one that is fled ouer from his *Conſcience*; and left his wife and children vpon the Pariſh. For his knowledge, he is meerely a *Horne-booke* without a *Chriſt-croſſe* afore it, and his zeale conſiſts much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: hee cozens men in the puritie of his cloathes: and twas his only ioy when hee was on this ſide, to be in Priſon: hee cries out, tis impoſſible for any man to be damn'd, that liues in his Religion, and his equiuocation is

true: ſo long as a man liues in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the queſtion. Of all Feaſts in the yeare, hee accounts S. *Georges* Feaſt the prophaneſt, becauſe of St. *Georges* Croſſe, yet ſometimes he doth *ſacrifice* to his own belly; prouided, that he put off the Wake of his owne natiuitie, or wedding, till *good Friday*. If there bee a great feaſt in the Towne, though moſt of the wicked (as he calls them) be there, he will be ſure to be a gueſt, and to out-eate ſix of the fatteſt *Burgers*: he thinkes, though hee may not pray with the *Iew*, he may eat with a *Iew*: he winkes when he prayes, and thinkes he knowes the way ſo now to heauen, that he can finde it blindefold. Latine he accounts, the language of the *Beaſt* with ſeuen heads; & when he ſpeakes of his owne Country, cries, he is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his deuotion is *Obſtinacie*, the only ſolace of his heart, *Contradiction*, and his maine end *Hypocriſie*.

A diſtaſter

A Diſtaſter of the Time

IS a *Winter Graſhopper* all the yeer long that lookes back vpon *Harueſt*, with a leane paire of cheekes, neuer ſets forward to meete it: his malice ſuckes vp the greateſt part of his own venome, & therewith impoiſoneth himſelfe: and this ſickeneſſe riſes rather of *ſelfe-opinion*, or *ouer-great expectation*; ſo in the conceit of his owne ouer-worthineſſe, like a *Coiſtrell*, he ſtriues to fill himſelfe with winde, and flies againſt it. Any mans aduancement is the moſt capitall offence that can be to his malice: yet this enuy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelfe, hee prepared for others: hee is a *Day-bed for the Diuell* to ſlumber on; his bloude is of a yellowiſh colour: like thoſe that haue bin bitten by *Vipers*: & his gaule flowes as thick in him as oile, in a poyſon'd ſto-

macke. He infects all ſocietie, as thunder ſowres wine: war or peace, dearth or plenty, make him equaly diſcontented. And where he findes no cauſe to taxe the State, hee deſcends to raile againſt the rate of ſalt butter. His wiſhes are *whirlewindes*; which breath'd forth, returne into himſelfe, and make him a moſt giddy & tottering veſſell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, he doth but walke in his ſleepe, for his viſitation is directed to none: his buſineſſe is nothing. He is often dumbe-madde, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of diſcontent, though he can be of all religions; therefore truly of none. Thus by vnnaturalliſing himſelfe, ſome would thinke him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but he is not greatly to be fear'd: for this deiection of his, is onely like a rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his begging.

A meere Fellow of a Houſe

EXamines all mens carriage but his owne; and is ſo kinde natured to himſelfe, he findes fault with all mens but his owne. He weares his apparell much after the faſhion; his meanes will not ſuffer him come to nigh: they afford him *Mock-veluet* or *Satiniſco*; but not without the Colledges next leaſes acquaintance: his inſide is of the ſelfe ſame faſhion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glaſſe of ſelfe-liking, there *Græſus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in ſhew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phraſe, are *ſcholeboyes*. On theſe he ſpends the falſe gallop of his tongue; and with ſenſeleſſe diſcourſe towes them along, not out of ignorance. He ſhewes them the rinde, conceales the ſappe: by this meanes he keepes them the longer, himſelfe the better. He hath learn't to cough, and

ſpit, and blow his noſe at euery period, to recouer his memorie: and ſtudies chiefely to ſet his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lyes in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebbes nor flowes, but iuſt ſtanding water, betweene *Proteſtant* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of pluralitie of Benefices and non-reſidency; and when he riſes, acts a long Grace to his looking glaſſe. Againſt hee comes to bee ſome great mans Chaplaine, hee hath a habite of boldneſſe, though a very Coward. Hee ſpeakes Swords, Fights, *Ergo's*: his paſe on foote is a meaſure; on horſebacke, a gallop: for his legges are his owne, though horſe and ſpurres are borrowed. He hath leſſe vſe then poſſeſſion of Bookes. He is not ſo proud, but he will call the meaneſt Author by his name; nor ſo vnskill'd in the Heraldrie of a Studie, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowſhip, and begins an other.

A meere Petifogger

IS *one of Sampſons Foxes*: He ſets men together by the eares, more ſhamefully then *Pillories*; and in a long Vacation his ſport is to go a fiſhing *with the Penall Statutes*. Hee cannot erre before Iudgement, and then you ſee it, onely *Writs of error* are the *Tarriers* that keep his *Clients* vndoing ſomewhat the longer. He is a Veſtrie man in his Pariſh; and eaſily ſets his neighbours at variance with the *Vickar*, when his wicked *counſell* on both ſides is like weapons put into mens handes by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, he money. His honeſty and learning bring him to *Vnder-ſhrif-ſhip*; which hauing thriſe runne through, hee do's not feare the *Lieutenat* a'th' Shire: nay more, hee feares not God. *Cowardiſe* holds him a good Common-wealths man; his pen is the plough, and parchment the Soyle,

Soyle, whence he reapes both Coyne and Curſes. He is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lie in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to haue halfe in the Countie breake their Bonds, were the onely libertie of conſcience: He would wiſh (though he be a *Browniſt*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his tithes duly, if ſuch Sutes held continuall Plea at *Weſtminſter*. He cannot away with the reuerend Seruice in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. He loues blowes extreamely, and hath his *Chyrurgions* bill of all rates, from head to foote, to incenſe the fury: he would not giue away his yeerely beatings for a good peece of money. He makes his Will in forme of a Law-caſe, full of quiddits, that his Friends after his death (if for nothing elſe) yet, for the vexation of Law, may haue cauſe to remember him. And if hee thought the Ghoſts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Popery) ſure he would hide

hide ſome ſingle mony in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, that his ſpirit might haunt there. Onely with this, I will pitch him o're the Barre, and leaue him; That his fingers itch after a Bribe, euer ſince his firſt practiſing of Court-hand.

An Ingroſſer of Corne.

THere is no Vermine in the Land like him; hee ſlanders both Heauen and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cauſe of ſcarſitie. His whording in a deare yeare, is like *Eriſicthons* Bowels, in *Ouid: Quodque vrbibus eſſe, quodq; ſatis poterat populo, non ſufficit vni.* Hee prayes daily for more incloſures, & knowes no reaſon in his Religion, why we ſhould call our fore-fathers daies, *The time of ignorance*, but onely becauſe they ſold Wheat for twelue pence a buſhell. He wiſhes that *Danske* were at the *Moloc-*

cos;

cos; and had rather be certaine of some forraine inuasion, then of the sitting vp of the Stilyard. When his Barnes and Garners are ful (if it be a time of derth) he will buy halfe a bushell i'th' Market to serue his Houshold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, lest, as the chaff thrown vpon the water, shew'd plenty in *Ægypt*; so his (caried by the winde) should proclaine his aboundance. No painting pleases him so wel, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the seauen leane Kine, that ate vp the fat ones; that he has in his Parlour, which he will describe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a smothered prayer for the like scarsitie. Hee cannot away with Tobacco; for hee is perswaded (and not much amisse) that tis a spaier of breadcorne; which he could finde in's heart to transport with out Licence: but weighing the penaltie, hee growes mealy-mouth'd, and dares not. Sweet smells he cannot abide; wishes that the pure ayre were generally corrupted:

nay,

nay, that the Spring had loſt her fragrancie for euer, or we our ſuperfluous ſenſe of ſmelling (as he tearmes it) that his corne might not be found muſtie. The poore he accounts the Iuſtices intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complains of our negligence of diſcouering new parts of the World, only to rid them from our Climate. His Sonne, by a certaine kinde of inſtinct, he bindes Prentiſe to a Taylor, who all the terme of his indenture hath a deare yeare in's bellie, and rauins bread extreamly: when he comes to be a Freeman (if it be a Dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Diuelliſh Vſurer

IS ſowed as *Cummin* or *Hempſeede*, with curſes; and he thinks he thriues the better. Hee is better read in the *penall Statutes*, then the Bible; and his euill Angell perſwades him, hee ſhall ſooner

ſooner be ſaued by them. He can be no mans friend; for all men hee hath moſt intereſt in, hee vndo's: and a double dealer hee is certainely; for by his good will he euer takes the forfet. He puts his money to the vnnaturall Act of generation; and his Scriuener is the ſuperuiſor Bawd to't. Good deeds he loues none, but Seal'd and deliuered; nor doth he wiſh any thing to thriue in the Countrey, but Bee-hiues; for they make him waxe rich. He hates all but Law-Latine: yet thinkes hee might be drawne to loue a Scholler, could he reduce the yeere to a ſhorter compaſſe, that his vſe-money might come in the faſter: he ſeems to be the ſon of a Iailor, for all his eſtate is moſt heauie & cruell bonds. He doth not giue, but ſell daies of Payment; and thoſe at the rate of a mans vndoing: he doth only feare, the day of Iudgement ſhould fall ſooner, then the payment of ſome great ſum of money due to him: hee remooues his lodging when a Subſidie comes; and if he

he be found out, and pay it, he grumbles treaſon; but tis in ſuch a deformed ſilence, as Witches raiſe their Spirits in. Grauitie he pretends in all things, but in his priuate Whore; for hee will not in a hundred pound take one light ſixe-pence; and it ſeemes hee was at *Tilburie Campe*, for you muſt not tell him of a *Spaniard*. Hee is a man of no conſcience; for (like the *Iakes-Farmer* that ſounded with going into Buckelersburie) hee falls into a cold ſweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his Religion, wee are in the right for euery thing, if that were aboliſht: hee hides his money, as if hee thought to finde it againe at laſt day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead preſcription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a queſtion: yet ſhould hee liue to be hangd in them', this good they would doe him, The verie Hangman would pittie his caſe. The Table hee keepes is able to ſtarue twentie tall men; his ſer-

uants

uants haue not their living, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A ſpare Dyet he commends in all men, but himſelfe: he comes to Cathedralls onely for loue of the ſinging boyes, becauſe they looke hungrie. He likes our Religion beſt, becauſe tis beſt cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatory, 'cauſe 'twas of his Trade, and brought in ſo much money: his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, tis ſeldome open to any man: friendſhip hee accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, he loues al the world ſo little, that, and it were poſſible, hee would make himſelfe his owne Executor: for certaine, hee is made Adminiſtrator to his own good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dyes long afore him; but he is ſo farre from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that hee lets it ſtinke aboue ground. In concluſion, for Neighborhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, tis rather

Surfet,

Surfet, the Pox, or Deſpaire; for ſeldom ſuch as hee dye of Gods making, as honeſt men ſhould doe.

A Water-Man.

IS one that hath learnt to ſpeake well of himſelfe; for alwayes hee names himſelfe, *The firſt man*. If he had betane himſelfe to ſome richer Trade, hee could not haue chos'd but done well: for in this (though it be a meane one) he is ſtill plying it, and putting himſelfe forward. He is euemore telling ſtrange newes; moſt commonly lies. If he bee a Sculler, aske him if hee bee maried, hee'l equiuocate and ſweare hee's a ſingle man. Little truſt is to bee giuen to him, for he thinks that day he does beſt when he fetches moſt men ouer. His daily labour teaches him the Arte of diſſembling; for like a fellow that rides to the Pillory, he goes not that way he

 lookes:

lookes: hee keepes ſuch a bawling at *Weſtminſter*, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would be tane with him. When he is vpon the water, he is Fare-company: when hee comes a ſhore, hee mutinies; and contrary to all other trades, is moſt ſurely to Gentlemen when they tender payment. The Play-houſes only keep him ſober; and as it doth many other Gallants, makes him an afternoones man. London Bridge is the moſt terribleſt eye-ſore to him that can bee. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Preſſe*, makes him flie from the Riuer; nor any thing, but a *great Froſt*, can teach him any good manners.

A Reuerend Iudge

IS one that desires to haue his greatnes, onely measur'd by his goodnesse; his care is to appeare such to the people, as he would haue them be; and to be himselfe such as hee appeares; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, and be another: hee knowes that the hill of greatnesse yeeldes a most delightfull prospect, but with all that it is most subiect to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit and censure the actions of those are in authority: he squares his owne therefore, that they may farre bee aboue their pitty: he wishes fewer Lawes, so they were better obseru'd: and for those are Mulctuary, hee vnderstands their institution not to be like briers or springes, to catch euery thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to auoyd the ship-

wracke of ignorant passengers : hee hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor despaire of preferment can draw him to such an exigent: he thinkes himselfe then most honorably seated, when hee giues mercy the vpper hand : hee rather striues to purchase a good name then land ; and of all rich stuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to haue his Followers weare their clothes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there he deliuers his minde plainly aud freely; knowing for truth, there is no place wherein dissembling ought to haue lesse credit, then in a Princes Councell. Thus honour keeps peace with him to the graue, and doth not(as with many) there forsake him, and goe backe with the Heralds : but fairely sits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

A vertuous Widdow.

IS the Palme-tree, that thriues not after the ſupplanting of her husband. For her Childrens ſake ſhe firſt marries, for ſhee married that ſhee might haue children, and for their ſakes ſhee marries no more. She is like the pureſt gold, onely imployd for Princes meddals, ſhee neuer receiues but one mans impreſſion; the large ioynture moues her not, titles of honor cannot ſway her. To change her name, were (ſhe thinks) to commit a ſinne ſhould make her aſham'd of her husbands calling; ſhee thinks ſhe hath traueld all the world in one man; the reſt of her time therefore ſhee directs to heauen. Her maine ſuperſtition is, ſhee thinks her husbands ghoſt would walke, ſhould ſhe not performe his Will: ſhe would doe it, were there no Prerogatiue Court. She giues much to pious vſes, without any hope

to merit by them: and as one Diamond fashions another; so is she wrought into works of Charity, with the dust or ashes of her husband. Shee liues to see her selfe full of time; being so necessary for earth, God calles her not to heauen till shee bee very aged: and euen then, though her naturall strength faile her, she stands like an ancient *Piramid*; which the lesse it growes to mans eye, the neerer it reaches to heauen: this latter Chastity of Hers, is more graue and reuerend, then that ere shee was married; for in it is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor iealousie. She ought to bee a mirrour for our yongest Dames, to dresse themselues by, when she is fullest of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neere her, for in suffering the losse of her husband, shee accounts all the rest trifles: she hath layd his dead body in the worthiest monument that can be: Shee hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, she is a Relique, that without any surpersti-

tion

tion in the world though ſhee will not be kiſt, yet may be reuerenc't.

An ordinary Widdow.

IS like the Heralds Hearſe-cloth; ſhe ſerues to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in teares; and the end of her teares beginnes in a Huſband. She vſes to Cunning women to know how many Husbands ſhee ſhall haue, and neuer marries without the conſent of ſixe midwiues. Her chiefeſt pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them ſhe gaines: for one ſerues to draw on another, and with one at laſt ſhee ſhoots out another, as Boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. She commends to them a ſingle life, as Horſecourſers doe their Iades- to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggeſt of the Guard, but Knighthood

makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her ſeruants, or kinsfolke, are the Trumpeters that ſummon any to this combat: by them ſhe gaines much credit, but loſeth it againe in the olde Prouerbe: *Fama eſt mendax.* If ſhe liue to be thrice married, ſhe ſeldome failes to cozen her ſecond Husbands Creditors. A Church-man ſhee dare not venture vpon; for ſhe hath heard widdowes complaine of dilapidations: nor a Soldier, though he haue Candle-rents in the City, for his eſtate may be ſubiect to fire: very ſeldome a Lawyer. without hee ſhew his exceeding great practiſe, & can make her caſe the better: but a Knight with the olde rent may doe much, for a great comming in, is all in all with a Widdow: euer prouided, that moſt part of her Plate and Iewels (before the wedding) lie concealde with her Scriuener. Thus like a too ripe Apple, ſhee falles of her ſelfe: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchaſe, for the title is

crackt.

crackt. Laſtly, while ſhe is a Widdow, obſerue euer, ſhee is no Morning woman: the euening a good fire and ſack may make her liſten to a Husband: and if euer ſhe bee made ſure, tis vpon a full ſtomacke to bedward.

A Quackſaluer.

IS 'a Mountebanke of a larger bill then a Taylor; if hee can but come by names enow of Diſeaſes, to ſtuffe it with, tis all the skill hee ſtudies for. Hee tooke his firſt being from a Cunning woman, and ſtole this blacke Art from her, while hee made her Seacoale fire. All the diſeaſes euer ſin brought vpon man, doth he pretend to be Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning, 'is Corne-cutting. A great plague makes him; what with rayling againſt ſuch, as leaue their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly breaking

king Cakebread, with the Fish-wiues at Funerals, he vtters a most abominable deale of musty Carduus-water, & the Conduits crie out, All the learned Doctors may cast their Caps at him. He parts stakes with some Apothecary, in the Suburbes, at whose house he lies: and though hee be neuer so familiar with his wife; the Apothecary dare not (for the richest Horne in his shop) displease him. All the Mid-wiues in the towne are his intelligencers; but nurses and young Marchants Wiues (that would fain conceiue with childe) these are his Idolaters. Hee is a more vniust Bone-setter, then a Dice-maker; hath put out more eyes then the small Pox; made more deafe then the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more then the Gout; shrunke more sinewes, then one that makes Bow-stringes; and kild more idly, then Tobacco. A Magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to loue a good horse well, would not suffer him to bee a Farrier.

His

His diſcourſe is vomit; and his ignorance, the ſtrongeſt purgation in the world: to one that would be ſpeedily cured, he hath more delaies, and doubles, then a Hare, or a Law ſuite: hee ſeekes to ſet vs at variance with nature, and rather then hee ſhall want diſeaſes he'le beget them. His eſpeciall practiſe (as I ſaid afore) is vpon women; labours to make their mindes ſicke, ere their bodies feele it, and then there's worke for the Dog-leach. Hee pretends the cure of mad-men; and ſure he gets moſt by them, for no man in his perfect witte would meddle with him. Laſtly, he is ſuch a Iuggler with Vrinals, ſo dangerouſly vnskilfull, that if euer the Citie will haue recourſe to him for diſeaſes that neede purgation, let them imploy him in ſcouring *Moore-ditch.*

A Can-

A Canting Rogue.

THis not vnlikely but hee was begot by ſome intelligencer vnder a hedge; for his minde is wholly giuen to trauell. He is not troubled with making of Ioyntures: he can diuorce himſelfe without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares he the cruelty of ouerſeers of his Will. Hee leaues his children all the world to Cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a Conſtant tongue; the Northerne ſpeech differs from the South, Welch from the Corniſh: but Canting is generall, nor euer could bee altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane* or *Norman*. He will not beg out of his limit though hee ſtarue; nor breake his oath if hee ſweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and hee payes his cuſtome as truely to his Graund Rogue, as tribute is payd to the great Turke. The

March

March Sunne breedes agues in others, but hee adores it like the *Indians*; for then beginnes his progreſſe after a hard winter. Oſtlers cannot endure him, for he is of the infantry, and ſerues beſt on foote. Hee offends not the Statute againſt the exceſſe of apparell, for hee will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary pennance. Forty of them lie in a Barne together, yet are neuer ſued vpon the ſtatute of Inmates. If hee were learned, no man could make a better deſcription of *England*; for hee hath traueld it ouer and ouer. Laſtly, hee bragges, that his great houſes are repair'd to his hands, when Churches go to ruine: and thoſe are priſons.

A French

A French Cooke.

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Garriſon neere famiſh't, where he practiſed to make a little goe farre; ſome deriue it from more antiquity, and ſay *Adam* (when hee pickt ſallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the Palate: and though his command lie in the kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet ſhall you finde him a very ſawcy companion. Euer ſince the warres in *Naples*, hee hath ſo minc't (the ancient and bountifull allowance) as if his nation ſhould keep a perpetuall diet. The Seruingmen call him the laſt relique of Popery, that makes men faſt againſt their Conſcience. He can be truly ſayd to bee no mans fellow but his Maſters: for the reſt of his ſeruants are ſtarued by him. Hee is the prime cauſe why Noble-

Noblemen build their houſes ſo great, for the ſmalneſſe of the Kitchin, makes the houſe the bigger: and the Lord calles him his Alchymiſt that can extract gold out of hearbs, rootes, muſhroomes or any thing: that which hee dreſſes wee may rather call a drinking, then a meale: yet is he ſo full of variety, that he brags, and truely, that hee giues you but a taſte of what hee can do: he dare not for his life come among the Butchers; for ſure they would quarter and bake him after the Engliſh fa- ſhion: hee's ſuch an enemie to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, hee were onely fit to make a funerall feaſt, where men ſhould eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

A Sexton

IS an ill willer to humane nature. Of all Prouerbs, hee cannot endure to heare that which ſayes. Wee ought to liue by the quicke, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time bee confinde to the Church-yard; at leaſt within fiue foote on't: for at euery Church ſtile, commonly there's an Alehouſe; where let him bee found neuer ſo idle pated, hee is ſtill a graue drunkard. Hee breakes his faſt heartilieſt while hee is making a graue, and ſayes the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a ſlouen, yet hee loues cleane linnen extreamely, and for that reaſon takes an order that fine holland ſheetes bee not made wormes meate. Like a nation cald the *Cuſani*, hee weeps when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reaſon; hee gets by Burials

not

not Christnings: hee will hold argument in a Tauerne ouer Sacke, till the Diall and himselfe bee both at a stand: he neuer obserues any time but Sermon time, and there he sleepes by the hour-glasse. The rope-maker payes him a pension, and hee paies tribute to the Physitian; for the Physitian makes work for the Sexton; as the Rope-maker for the Hang-man. Lastly, he wishes the Dogge dayes would last all yeere long: and a great plague is his yeere of Iubile.

A Iesuite

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytour to feed with the Diuell, then any other Order: vnclaspe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the fore-head: so superstitiously hee followes the Pope, that hee forsakes Christ, in not giuing *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heauenly; but in medling

with State-buſineſſe, he ſeems to mixe heauen and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion & Pennance: by the firſt, he findes out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. He ſprang from *Ignatius Loiola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though hee were found out long ſince the inuention of the Canon, 'tis thoght he hath not done leſſe miſchiefe. Hee is a falſe Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, hee holds it no more ſinne the decrowning of Kings, then our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His order is full of all irregularity and diſobedience; ambitious aboue all meaſure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Ieſuit, and would bee called Diſciple. In *Rome*, and other countries that giue him freedome, hee weares a Maske vppon his heart; in England he ſhifts it, and puts it vpon his face. No place in our Climate

mate hides him ſo ſecurely as a Ladies Chamber; the modeſty of the *Purſeuant* hath onely forborne the bed, and ſo miſt him. There is no Diſeaſe in Chriſtendome, that may ſo properly be call'd *The Kings Euill*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, hee's a Foxe; but in the Inquiſition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatſoeuer is commendable in the graue Orator, is moſt exquiſitly perfect in him; for by a full and ſignificant action of body, he charmes our attention: ſit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you ſee ſo many lines drawen from the circumference of ſo many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not ſtriue to make nature monſtrous, ſhe is often ſeene in the ſame Scæne with him; but

neither on Stilts nor Crutches; and for his voice tis not lower then the prompter, nor lowder then the Foile and Target. By his action hee fortifies morall precepts with example; for what wee see him personate, wee thinke truely done before vs: a man of a deep thoght might apprehend, the Ghosts of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him(at seueral times)for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent Player, or his playing an exquisite Painter. Hee addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines vs in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most vnfit time, either for study or bodily exercise: the flight of Hawkes, and chase of wilde beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some thinke this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men haue beene of his occupation: and in-

deed

deed, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others eſſentially: this day one playes a Monarch, the next a priuate perſon. Heere one Acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Paraſite this man too night, to morrow a Preciſian, and ſo of diuers others. I obſerue, of all men liuing, a woorthy Actor in one kinde is the ſtrongeſt motiue of affection that can be: for when hee dies, wee cannot be perſwaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of ſome few of the quality, as I wold doe gold in the oare; I ſhould not minde the droſſe, but the purity of the mettall.

A Franklin.

HIs outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may giue armes (with the best Gentleman) and ne're see the Herald. There is no truer seruant in the house then himselfe. Though he be Master, he saies not to his seruants, goe to field, but let vs goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and set forward all manner of husbandrie. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and raiment: hee is pleasd with any nourishment God sends, whilest curious gluttonie ransacks, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. He is nere knowne to goe to Law; vnderstanding, to be Law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beasts; they thriue not vnderit: and that such men sleep.

ſleep as vnquietly, as if their pillowes were ſtuft with Lawyers pen-knifes. When hee builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his proſpect, they are indeed his Almes-houſes, though there be painted on them no ſuch ſuperſcription. Hee neuer ſits vp late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vowed foe of his Lambes: nor vſes he any crueltie, but when he hunts the Hare, nor ſubtiltie but when he ſetteth ſnares for the Snite, or pit-falls for the Black-bird; nor oppreſſion, but when in the month of Iuly, hee goes to the next riuer, and ſheares his ſheep. Hee allowes of honeſt paſtime, and thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruiſed, or the worſe for it, though the Countrey Laſſes dance in the Church-yard after Euen-ſong. Rocke Monday, and the Wake in Summer, ſhrouings, the wakefull ketches on Chriſtmas Eue, the Hoky, or Seed-cake, theſe he yeerly keeps, yet holds them no reliques of Poperie. He is not ſo inquiſitiue after

newes deriued from the priuie closet, when the finding an eiery of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a Colt come of a good straine, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable. He is Lord paramount within himselfe, though hee hold by neuer so meane a Tenure; and dies the more contentedly (though he leaue his heire yong) in regard he leaues him not liable to a couetous Guardian. Lastly, to end him; hee cares not when his end comes; hee needs not feare his Audit, for his *Quietus* is in heauen.

A Riuer

IS a fellow whose face is hateht all ouer with impudence, and should he be hang'd or pilloried tis armed for it. Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet practises the Art of most vncleanely con-

conueyance. He doth boggle very often; and becauſe himſelfe winkes at it, thinks tis not perceiued: the maine thing that euer he did, was the tune he ſang to. There is nothing in the earth ſo pittifull, no not an Ape-carrier, he is not worth thinking of, and therefore I muſt leaue him as nature left him; a Dunghil not wel laid together.

The

The Character of a happy life.

By Sr. H. W.

How happy is he borne or taught,
That serueth not anothers will;
Whose Armour is his honest thought,
And sillie Truth *his highest skill.*

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death:
Vntyed vnto the world with care
Of Princely loue, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great.

Who

Who enuieth none whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: who neuer vnderſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are giuẽ with praiſe,
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good.

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke or Friend.

This man is free from ſeruile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands:
And hauing nothing, he hath All.

Certaine

Certaine Edicts from a Parliament in *Eutopia*; Written by the Lady *Southwell*.

Inprimis, Hee that hath no other worth to commend him then a good Suite of Apparell, ſhall not dare to woe a Lady in his owne behalfe, but ſhall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no fowle fac'd Lady ſhall raile on her that is fairer, becauſe ſhe is fairer; nor ſeeke by blacke calumniation to darken her fame, vnleſſe ſhee bee her corriuall.

Item, that no man may entitle himſelfe by the matchles name of a Friend, that loues vpon condition, vnleſſe hee be a Schoole-maſter.

Item, that no Lady, which modeſtly keeps

keepes her houſe for want of good clothes to viſit her Goſſips ſhall profeſſe contempt of the worlds vanity, vnleſſe ſhe ſee no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Bankerupt Knight, that to ſet vp ſhop againe, becomes Paraſite or Buffone to ſome great Lord, ſhall euer after ſweare by his honour; but by his Knight-hood he may.

Item, that no Lady that vſeth to paint, ſhall finde fault with her painter that hath not counterfetted her pictur e fair enough, vnleſſe ſhe will acknowledge her ſelfe to be the better counterfetter.

Item, that no man whoſe vaine loue hath beene reiected by a vertuous Lady, ſhall report that he hath refuſed and caſt her off, vnleſſe he will take the baſe lying fellow by the next aſſailant, ſo reiected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady ſhall court her looking glaſſe, paſt one houre in a day, vnleſſe ſhe profeſſe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter waiter ſhall feed on cheeſe three quarters of a yeere

to

to feaſt on ſatten one quarter, without *Galens* aduice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is ouer-enamored of her ſelfe, and thinkes all other ſo too, ſhall bee bound to carry a burden of Birdlime on her backe, and ſpinne at a Barne-doore to catch fooles.

Item, he that ſweareth when hee loſeth his mony at dice, ſhall challenge his damnation by the way of purchaſe.

Item, no Lady that ſilently ſimpereth for want of wit ſhall be call'd modeſt.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, & wants wit to encounter her, ſhall think he hath redeemd his credit by putting her to ſilence with ſome laſcinious diſcourſe, vnleſſe hee weare white for *William*, and greene for *Sommer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth conſtant for want of aſſault ſhall be called chaſte.

Item,

Item, he that professeth vertuous loue to a woman, and giues ground when his vanity is reiected, shall haue his bels cut off and flie for a haggard.

Item, she that respecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her selfe, shall not refuse the name of Hypocrite; and she that emploies all her time in working trappings for her selfe, the name of spider: and she that sets the first quest of enquiry amongst her gossips for new fashions, shall not refuse a stitcher for her second husband.

Item, He that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he professeth to loue her, yet vnder hand commenceth a base suit, and is disdained; shall not on this blow which his owne vice hath giuen him, out of policy raile suddenly on her, for feare he be noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in priuate he may say that his iudgement was blinded by her cunning disguise, & that he finds her wauering in goodnesse

neſſe, and in time he ſhall openly profeſſe to raile on her; but with ſuch a modeſty forſooth, as if he were loth to bring his iudgement into queſtion; nor would he doe it, but that hee preferres truth euen out of his owne reach.

NEWES

NEWES
FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,

ODD TRVTH, VNDER A SV-
posall of Noueltie.

Occasioned by diuers Essayes, and [illegible]
passages of wit betweene sundrie Gentle-
men vpon that subiect.

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere, that there are as great miseries beyond happinesse, as a this side it, as *being in loue*. That truth is euery mans by assenting. That time makes euery thing aged, and yet it selfe was

neuer but a minute old. That, next ſleepe, the greateſt deuourer of time is buſineſſe: the greateſt ſtretcher of it, *Paſsion*, the trueſt meaſure of it, *Contemplation*. To be ſaued, alwaies is the beſt plot: and vertue alwayes cleeres her way as ſhe goes. *Vice* is euer behind-hand with it ſelfe. That *wit* and a *woman* are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increaſt mankind then the end. That the madneſſe of Loue is to bee ſicke of one part, and cured by another. The madneſſe of Iealouſie, that it is ſo diligent, and yet it hopes to loſe his labour. That all Women for the bodily part, are but the ſame meaning put in diuers words. That the difference in the ſenſe is their vnderſtanding. That the wiſedome of *Action* is *Diſcretion*; the knowledge of *contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the firſt conſiders what ſhould bee, the latter makes vſe of what is.

That

That euery man is weake in his owne humours. That euery man a little beyond himselfe is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatnesse is comparison. That God made one world of *Substances*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned vp *trumpe*. That custome is the soule of circumstances. That custome hath so farre prenailed, that Truth is now the greatest newes. Sr. *T. Ouer*:

Answere to the Court Newes.

THat *Happinesse* and *Miserie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodnesse* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans strength is but a vicissitude of falling and rising. That onely to refraine ill, is to be ill still. That the plot

of Saluation was laide before the plot of *Paradiſe*. That enioyning is the preparatiue to contemning. That hee that ſeekes opinion beyond merite, goes iuſt ſo farre backe. That no man can obtaine his deſires; nor in the world hath not to his meaſure. That to ſtudie, men are more profitable then bookes. That mens loues are their afflictions. That Titles of Honour, are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and feares *Quiuer*. That the ſoules of Women and Louers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their ſenſes. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wiſedome the woofe of the cloth; ſo that womens ſoules were neuer made vp. That enuy knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Goodneſſe* is like the Art *Proſpectiue*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That Man, Woman, and the Diuell, are the three degrees of compariſon. That this Newes holds number, but

not

not weight, by which couple all things receiue forme.

Countrey Newes.

THat there is moſt here, for it gathers in going. That reputation is meaſured by the Acre. That Pouertie is the greateſt diſhoneſtie. That the pittie of, *Alaſſe poore ſoule*, is for the moſt part miſtaken. That Roſt beefe is the beſt ſmell. That a iuſtice of peace is the beſt relique of Idolatrie. That the Allegorie of Iuſtice drawn blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue too heauenly, is accounted great wrong. That wiſedome deſcends in a race. That we loue Names better then perſons, that to hold in Knights ſeruice, is a ſlipperie ſeruice. That a Papiſt is a new word for a Traitor. That the dutie of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is loſt in the want of humilitie. That the Puri-

tane perſecution is as a clowde that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* & *Scots* to be the *Kings* Countrey-men, thruſt the honour on the *Welch*. That a Courtier neuer attaynes his ſelfe-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Embleme is a hearne dogge. That many great men are ſo proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That Loue is the taile-worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to know, and to vnderſtand, are 3. degrees not vnderſtood. That countrey ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a Seruing-mans valor: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to liue long, is to fill vppe the dayes wee liue. That the zeale of ſome mens Religion reflects from their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodneſſe is

from

from within, the externall is policie. That good and ill is the croſſe and pile in the aime of life. That the Soule is the lampe of the body, Reaſon of the Soule, Religion of Reaſon, Faith of Religion, Chriſt of Faith. That circumſtances are the Atomies of policy, Cenſure the being, Action the life, but ſucceſſe the Ornament. That Authority preſſeth downe with weight, and is thought violence: policy trips vp the heeles, and is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow paſſage hee that is firſt out, findes eaſe, hee in the middle worſt hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmoſt that driues both out afore him, though not ſuffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That heauen is the eaſieſt purchaſe, for wee are the richer for the disburſing. That liberality ſhould haue no obiect but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the myſterie of greatneſſe, is to keepe the inferiour

ignorant of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit. *That the Citie cares not what the Countrey thinkes.*

Sr. T.R.

Newes from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Fripery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others, which haue bene in fashion, and are very neere worne out. That Iustices of Peace haue the selling of vnder-woods, but the Lords haue the great fals. The Iesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, here and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deere; now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that deuoures vertues, and lesse vices. That it is wholsomest getting a stomacke by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftiest laying

of

of it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and heere haue the liberty of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to aske; though they know not of whom. That there are (God bee thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* & *Westminster-Hall*. That onely Christmas Lords know their endes. That Women are not so tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well vpon Bed, as plashed against walles. That our carts are neuer worse emploied, then when they are wayted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haires in horse taile, concur in one root of beauty and strength, but being pluckt out one by one, serue only for Springes and Snares. That both want and abundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and stones are both good casting for an Hawke. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because

we

we doe not all eate thereof. That our beſt three-pilde miſchiefe comes from beyond the ſea, and rides poſt through the country, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your owne are the beſt paſtime, anothers wife and your children worſe, your wife and anothers children worſt. That Stateſmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Fauourites courſe her, and are euer in view. That intemperance is not ſo vnwholeſome heere; for none euer ſaw a Sparrow ſicke of the Poxe. That heere is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is becauſe heere are no ſecrets. That Court motions are vp and downe; ours circular: theirs like ſquibs cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor returne to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh and weare out in the way: Ours like Mill-wheels, buſie without changing place; they haue peremptory fortunes; we viciſſitudes.

I. D.

Jn. Donne.

Anſwer

Answere to the very Country Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cook of time, and made dresser of his own fatting. That the fiue Senses are Cinque-ports for temptation, the trafficke sinne, the Lieutenant *Sathan*, the custome-tribute, soules. That the Citizens of the high Court grow rich by simplicity; but those of *London*, by simple craft. That life, death, and time, do with short cudgels dance the Matachine. That those which dwell vnder the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, then those of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and *Superstition* hath of late her masque rent from her face, and shee is found with a wry mouth and a stinking breath, and those that courted her hotly, hate her now in the same degree, or beyond. That Nature too much louing her own, becomes

becomes vnnaturall and fooliſh. That the ſoule in ſome is like an egge, hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeue, till the faire ſhell being broken, the ſtinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperficies of vertue, to ſupport her contrary, all-ſufficient. That clemencie within and without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retyred into the Countrey, and time preſent dwells at Court. That I liuing neere the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kingdome.

A. S.

Newes to the Vniuerſitie.

A Meere Scholler is but a liue booke, Actiõ doth expreſſe knowledg better then words; ſo much of the ſoule is loſt as the body cannot vtter. To teach, ſhould rather be an effect, then the purpoſe of learning. Age decaies nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth, is ſtrength; of the gray head, wiſedome; yet moſt condemne the follies of their owne infancie, runne after thoſe of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquitie will beate an old error againſt a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Heraldrie* of Arts, the array of Iudgement, none it ſelfe, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meete not, muſt be, either a skilful ignorance, or wilde knowledge. Vnderſtanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Diſcretion conteines *Rhethoricke*; the next way to learne

learne good words, is to learne ſenſe; the neweſt *Philoſophie* is ſoundeſt, the eldeſt *Diuinitie* : *Aſtronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magicke. There is no honeſtie of the body, without health, which no man hath had ſince *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the firſt mother of ſickeneſſe, is now the daughter. Nothing dyes but qualities. No kinde in the world can periſh without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular intereſt: So in Arts which are but tranſlations of Nature; there is no ſound poſition in any one, which, imagine falſe, there may not from it be drawne ſtrong concluſions, to diſproue all the reſt. Where one truth is granted, it may be by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controuerted. The ſoule and body of the firſt man, were made fit to bee immortall together, we cannot liue to the one, but we muſt dye to the other. A man and a Chriſtian are two creatures. Our

per-

perfection in this world is vertue; in the next, knowledge, when wee ſhall reade the glory of God in his owne face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the beſt pleaſure is, to haue no obiect of pleaſure, & vniformitie is a better proſpect then varietie. That putting to Sea, is change of life, but not of condition; where riſings and fals, Calmes, and croſſe-gales are yours, in order and turne; forewinds but by chance. That it is the worſt winde to haue no winde, and that your ſmooth fac'd Courtier, deading your courſe by a calme, giues greater impediment, then an open enemies croſſe gale. That leuitie is a vertue, for many are held vp by it. That its nothing ſo intricate and infinite, to rigge a ſhip as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That to pumpe

Pumpe the one, and ſhreeue the other, is alike noyſome. That ſmall faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound; and that to puniſh and not preuent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leaue the leake open. That it is beſt ſtriking Sayle before a ſtorme, and neceſſarieſt in it. That a little time in our life is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Hauen is the happyeſt voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then ſome winde of one. That expedition is euery where to bee bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the ſound of Commoditie drowns the noyſe of a Storme: eſpecially, of an abſent one. That I haue once in my life out-gone night at Sea, but neuer darkneſſe; and that I ſhall neuer wonder to ſee a hard world, becauſe I haue liued to ſee the Sunne a bankrupt, being ready to ſtarue for cold in his perpetuall

petuall preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to be kept in diſtance, for falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will cloſe. That the faireſt field for a running head is the Sea, where he may runne himſelfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behinde, and all will bee but *via Nauis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is morall inſtruction to youthes watriſh humour. That though a Shippe vnder Saile be a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Hauen. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my fleſh, ſo I ſaue the Paſſenger. And heere I caſt Anchor.

W. S.

Forreine Newes of the yeere 1616.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there is as of their Wines: those that being new, are hard and harsh, proue best; the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling downe a Mountaine; a while it beares all before it: haue but that whiles patience, you may passe it dry-foot. That a penetrating iudgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate; if this appeare affected, apish, and vnstable; a wonder if that be setled.

That vaine-glory, new fashions, and the *French* disease, are vpon termes of quitting

quitting their Countries Allegeance, to be made free Denisons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmity haue their scarres, which cannot bee so well closed to the sight, but they will lie open to the memory. That a Princes pleasurable vices, vshered by authoritie, and waited on by connivence, sooner punish themselues by the subiects imitation, then they can bee reformed by remonstrance or correction; so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that giue them. That Kings heare truth oftner for the tellers, then their owne aduantage.

From Spaine.

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of most, feares most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men despise them, then that they not

feare them. That greatnes is fruitfull enough, when other helps faile, to beget on it selfe destruction. That it is a grosse flattering of tyred crueltie, to honest it with the title of clemencie. That to eat much at other mens cost, and little at his owne, is the wholesomest and most nourishing diet, both in Court and Countrey. That those are aptest to domineere ouer others, who by suffering indignities haue learned to offer them. That ambition like a sillie Doue flies vp to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whither it will. That euen Galley-slaues, setting light by their captiuirie, finde freedome in bondage. That to bee slow in military businesses, is to bee so courteous, as to giue the way to an enemy. That Lightning and greatnesse more feare then hurt.

From

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called veniall) ſin is to paſſe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that thoſe ſhould be held henceforth his Holineſſe beneficiall friends, that ſinne vpon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feed, to feed on. That for an Engliſhman to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it; ſince it skilles not where we liue, ſo we take heed how we liue. That greatneſſe comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a ſmall diſtance betweene the higheſt and the loweſt Fortunes. That rackt authority is oft leſſe at home then abroad regarded, while things that ſeem, are (commonly) more a far off then at hand feared.

From Venice.

THat the moſt profitable Banke, is the true vſe of a mans ſelfe, whiles ſuch as grow mouldy in idlenes, make their houſes their Tombes, and die before their death. That many dangerous ſpirits lie buried in their wants which had they means to their minds would dare as much as thoſe that with their better Fortunes ouertop them. That profeſſed Curtezans, if they bee any way good, it is becauſe they are openly badde. That frugalitie is the richeſt treaſure of an eſtate, where men feede for hunger, cloath for cold and modeſtie, and ſpend for Honour, Charity and Safety.

2 leaves wanting here P B

Newes of my Morning Worke.

THat to be good, the way is to be moſt alone, or the beſt accompanied. That the way to heauen is miſtaken for the moſt Melancholy-walke. That the moſt feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods diſpleaſure. That a Court-friend ſeldome goes further then the firſt degree of Charitie. That the Diuell is the perfecteſt Courtier. That innocency was firſt cozen to man, now guiltineſſe hath the neereſt alliance. That ſleepe is deaths Leger Embaſſador. That time can neuer be ſpent: wee paſſe by it and cannot returne. That none can bee ſure of more time then an inſtant. That ſinne makes worke for repentance or the Diuell. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That euery ones memory is diuided into two parts: the part looſing all

all is the Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court liues in persecution, like Protestants in Spaine. That Predestination and constancy are alike vncertaine to be iudged of. That reason makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauorite. That being sicke begins a suit to God, being wel, possesseth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heauen, sickenesse the post-horse. That worldly delights to one in extreame sickenesse, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That absence doth sharpen loue, presence strengthens it; that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burnes cleere: that loue often breakes friendship, that euer encreaseth loue. That constancy of women, and loue in men, is alike rare. That Art is truths lugler. That falshood playes a larger part in the world then truth. That blinde zeale & lame knowledge are alike apt to ill. That fortune is humblest where most contemned.

temned. That nor porter but reſolution keepes feare out of mindes. That the face of goodneſſe without a body is the worſt wickedneſſe. That womens fortunes aſpire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit is the woorſt *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not woorthy beeing a friend, wrongs himſelfe by beeing in acquaintance. That the worſt part of ignorance, is making good and ill ſeeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Miſt. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is ſayd among the folks here, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his faſt in this world: If in his youth, hee hath left vs at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at three ſcore and ten: and hee that liues to a hun-

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble-minded man makes the loweſt curtſie. That grace before meat, is our electiō before we were: grace after meat our ſaluation when we are gone. The ſoule that halts betweene two opinions, fals betweene two ſtooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the bread before the ſalt. He that hates to bee reproo-ued, ſits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce, and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. The ſenſible man and the ſilent woman are the beſt diſcourſers. Repentance without amendment, is but the ſhifting of a foule trencher. He that tels a lie to ſaue his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeue to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a ieſter is the fiddle that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a foole carues a peece of his heart to euery man that ſits next him. A ſilent man is a couered meſſe. The contented man onely is his owne caruer. He

that

that hath many ſtiends eares too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion cuts other men meate and his owne fingers. That the ſoule of a chollericke man ſits euer by the fire-ſide. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of aduerſity. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly into his purſe. That the beſt company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the ſaltſeller. The ſuperfluity of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meate that ſhould remaine to the poore. That the enuious keepes his knife in his hand, and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich foole among the wiſe is a gilt empty bowle amongſt the thirſty. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. He that robs mee of my inuention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcom when he is gone. The vaine-glorious man piſſeth more then he drinks. That no man can drinke an health out of the

cup

cup of blessing. To surfet vpon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. He that's ouercom of any passiõ is dry drũk. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith, then the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for a heauy soule to lean on. He that sinnes that he may repent, surfets that hee may take physicke. He that riseth without thankesgiuing, goes away and owes for his ordinary. Hee that beginnes to repent when he is old, neuer washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courses: childe-hood, youth & old age. That to sup well, is to liue well: and that's the way to sleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he is dead. And therefore

Good night to you heere,
and good morrow heereafter,

I. C.

Newes from the Church.

IT is thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a crosse course that lye downe there. That those that will not rise, their souls must, and carry their bodies to Iudgement. That we haue spent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Iustice. That Christ when hee went away, left good seede in his Church; and when hee comes againe, he shall finde Christians, but not faith. That the Diuell hath got vpon vs, the same way that hee did at the first, by drawing shadowes ouer substances, as he did the body ouer the soule. That *Protestants* weare the name of Christ for a Charme, as *Papists* doe the Crosse. That States vse it, the Clergy liue by

it, the People followe it, more by a ſtream, then one by one. That all are religious rather then ſome. That euery one lookes to another, but not to himſelfe. That they go ſo by throngs to Heauen, that it is to bee feared they take the broader waye. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the Elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheate the Diuell, to turne man the right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoule foremoſt againe. That the ſoule may be too ranke too, if wee looke not to it: and ſo a *Puritane* often times meets a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it be thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning haue fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceiued and leſſe to be blamed; but as dangerous as the other. if they take heed. That the rule is in all things,

things,

the body and the ſoule muſt goe together, but the better before. That we haue contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead. That ſo, *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, and that it will be as hard to caſt them out as Diuels. That thoſe, which haue thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, are obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gaue them cauſe of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition. That a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt gouernment, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it. That all Controuerſies for the moſt part, leaue the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanſe the way for others, but not for themſelues. That ſincerity, in the cauſe of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, haue made the world mad. That we haue a

ſhorter cut to it, and a ſurer way then *Drake* had ouer the world, if wee could find it out. That euery man is a briefe of the whole; & as he is ſo, he is greater then a King. That euery King is a briefe of his Land, and hee hath a *Patterne* of the gouernment of it alwayes about him. That as the honour that he giues vnto his Nobles and Counſellours is a charge; ſo is that which God giues him. That as hee requires an account, ſo he muſt giue. That he is the Image of God in his Kingdome, as man is in the World. That therefore the Subiects owe him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That thoſe that will not obey, are neither good Subiects, nor good men. That to obey well, is as great a thing as to gouerne, and more mens duties. That thoſe that thinke not ſo, know not the Chriſtians part, which is to ſuffer. That though States bee naught, if they profeſſe Religion, they may deliuer many men ſafe to Heauen, though they goe

not

not themſelues, and ſo they are like bad Miniſters. That this is Gods vſe of both, and of the world too, to conuey his Elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame vſe, and the Elect are the Church themſelues. That they are the Temple of the holy Ghoſt, and therefore ought to plucke downe their Idols, and ſet vp God there. That the Idolls of theſe times, are Couetouſneſſe, Pride, Gluttony, Wantonneſſe, Hereſies, and ſuch like admiration and ſeruing of our ſelues. That we muſt make all time an occaſion of amendment, becauſe the Diuell makes it an occaſion to tempt. That he is a Spirit, and therefore is cunninger then we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Maſter. That this is the gift of God, which he giueth to all that are his. That it is encreaſed by the word, and held by humility and prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and workes the aſſurance.

That thus the vnderſtanding and will, which is the whole ſoule of man, is made vp againe, and ſanctifies the body. That ſo wee are the members of Chriſt. That our Head is in Heauen, as a Pawne, that where he is, we ſhall bee. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the Science of ſoules, and God the Teacher.

I. R.

Newes from the Bed.

THat the bed is the beſt Rendevou of mankinde, and the moſt neceſſary ornament of a Chamber.

That Souldiers are good antiquaries in keeping the old faſhion, for the firſt bed was the bare ground.

That a mans pillow is his beſt Counſeller.

That

That *Adam* lay in ſtate, when the heauen was his canopie.

That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eue* lay without ſheets.

That they were either very innocent, very ignorant, or very impudent, they were not aſhamed the heauens ſhould ſee them lie without a couerlet.

That it is likely *Eue* ſtudied Aſtronomie, which makes the poſteritie of her Sex euer ſince to lye on their backes.

That the circumference of the bed, is nothing ſo wide as the conuex of the heauens, yet it contains a whole world.

That the fiue Senſes are the greateſt ſlepers.

That a ſlothfull man is but a reaſonable Dormouſe.

That the Soule euer wakes to watch the bodie.

That a Iealous man ſleeps dog-ſleep.

That ſleep makes no difference between a wiſe man and a foole.

That for all times ſleep is the beſt bedfellow.

That the deuill and miſchiefe euer wake.

That Loue is a dreame.

That the prepoſterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleaſing dreames, fartheſt off when awake.

That the bed payes *Venus* more cuſtome then all the world beſide.

That if dreames and wiſhes had been all true, there had not been ſince Poperie, one Maide to make a Nun of.

That the ſecure man ſleeps ſoundly, and is hardly to be awak't.

That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the vngodly Courtier will pull them downe againe.

That great ſleepers were neuer dangerous in a ſtate.

That there is a naturall reaſon, why popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe their women vpon, for they hold it neceſſarie, that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift.

That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knowes

knowes, it would put many to the blush.

That it is fit the bed should know more then paper.

R. S.

Newes from Shipbord.

THat Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake.

That he that lives without Religion, sayles without a compasse.

That the wantonnesse of a peacefull Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpesse before a storme.

That the foole is Sea-sick in a Calme, but the Wisemans stomacke endures all weathers.

That passions in a foole are Ord'nance broken loose in a storm, that alter their pro-

property of offending others and ruine himselfe.

That good Fortunes are a soft quick-sand, aduersity a rocke, both equally dangerous.

That Vertue in pouertie is a ready rigg'd Ship that lyes wind-bound.

That good fashion in a man is like the Pilot in a Ship, that doth most with least force.

That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Ankor, you shall finde his heart by it where soeuer it lyes.

Wisdome makes vse of the crosses of this world, as skilfull Pylots of Rocks for Sea-marks to saile by.

H. R.

Newes from the Chimney corner.

THat wit is Brushwood, Iudgment Timber: the one giues the greatest flame, the other yeeldes the durablest heat, and both meeting makes the best fire.

That Bawdes and Atturneyes are Andyrons that hold vp their Clients till they burne each other to Ashes: they receiue warmth by these; these by them their destruction.

That a Wise-rich-man is like the backe or stocke of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire, it receiues not for it owne need, but to reflect the heat to others good.

That House-keeping in England is false from a great fire in a hot summers day, to boughes in the Chimney all winter long.

That

That mans reaſon in matter of faith is Fire, in the firſt degree of his aſcent flame, next ſmoake, and then nothing.

A young fellow falne in loue with a Whore, is ſaid to be falne aſleepe in the Chimney corner.

Hee that leaues his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſit vp and watch a coale.

That the couetous rich man onely freezes before the fire.

That Choller is an ill gueſt that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot.

That chaſte Beautie is like the bellowes, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burne.

That hee that expounds the Scriptures vpon the warrant of his owne ſpirit only, layes the brands together without tongs, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burne his owne fingers.

That the Louer keeps a great fire in's houſe all the yeere long.

That deuotion, like fire in froſtie wea-

weather, burnes hotteſt in affliction.

That ſuch Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in winter to ſpare fire-wood.

That a couetous man is a dog in a wheele; that toyles to roaſt meat for other mens eating.

The Pagans worſhipping the Sunne are ſaid to hold their hands to the Gloworme in ſtead of a coale for heat.

That a Wiſemans heart is like a broad hearth, that keeps the coales (his paſſions) from burning the houſe.

That good deeds in this life, are coales raked vp in embers, to make a fire next day.

A Purueiour of Tobacco,

CAll him a Broaker of Tobacco, he ſcornes the title, he had rather be tearmed a cogging Merchant. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* robb'd with a bottle of Sacke; ſo doth hee take mens purſes, with a wicked rowle of Tobacco, at his girdle. Hee takes no long time to vndoe any man he hath to deale with, he doth it in halfe a yeere, aſwell as twenty; and then brags he has nipt them by the members. Hee cauſes his wife to ſit in his Ware-houſe, to no other purpoſe, then (as a Countrey Poticary hangs vp an *Aligarta* in his ſhop) that while his cuſtomers are gaping at her, he may cozen them of their waight. He does not loue God, becauſe God loues plaine dealing; and tis a queſtion, whether hee loues the King, becauſe the King loues no Tobacco. Many trades hath he filcht through; but this making of

of Fire-workes, brings moſt commodity: For hee ſelles his Tobacco with this condition, that they that buy it, ſhall bee vndone by it. Such fellowes that haue tane ſo many by the noſe, ſhould hang vp for their ſigne *Dines* ſmoaking in hell, and the word vnder it: Euery man for himſelfe, and the Diuell for them all.

FINIS.